Zion's Herald.

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Zion's Herald.

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

The Outlook.

A consular report on the textile industry in Germany shows that over one million persons are employed in the factories. Whole families sometimes are on the roll, and separate lunch-rooms are provided for these in many cases where they can open the family basket and enjoy together the recreation of the noonday meal. In many of the factories a buffet is provided where a simple lunch can be purchased at nominal rates. Attention is also paid to the comfort of employees by setting apart for their use washrooms and private lockers. As a result, the proportion of females in this branch of industry has greatly increased. They now number 464,316, or nearly one-half the entire number of employees.

The parochial school war in Manitoba is settled. The official statement has not, at this time of writing, been made public, but a dispatch from Winnipeg announces on what terms the settlement was reached. Catholic schools will not be maintained by public funds, but in the national or public schools half an hour each day will be set apart for religious instruction. Both priests and ministers will be allowed to use at option this half-hour for denominational teaching. It is further agreed that French as well as English shall be taught in those districts which contain a considerable percentage of Roman Catholic children. This settlement is not what the Catholics demanded, but is accepted by them as the best compromise obtainable.

The silver heresy is not killed. Mr. Byran purposes to enter upon the campaign of 1900 by a speech at Denver next month under the auspices of the chamber of commerce of that city. Unfortunately, but undoubtedly, the silverites have reason for hope. A writer in the New York *Sun* conclusively proves that a change of 40,000 votes in ten critical States would have given Bryan a majority in the electoral college. He says: "A popular plurality of 1,000,000 in a total vote of 13,000,000, superb and unprecedented as it is, nevertheless leaves us face to face with the ugly fact that 45 out of every 100 American citizens deliberately preferred the platform of repudiation and anarchy." The battle is still on. The ranks must be kept solid.

The principal streets of an Australian city, Sydney, are paved with eucalyptus blocks, which have been demonstrated, by a trial of fourteen years, to be tougher than macadam, stone cubes, asphalt, or any other known material. One of these blocks, after being subjected to heavy street traffic for a dozen years, had worn only to the depth of one-tenth of an inch. Granite cubes, during the same period, lost from a fourth of an inch to one and one-half inches. The eucalyptus is the well-known gum tree which is cultivated in the southern part of this country, especially in malarial districts, and in California; its home, however, is in Australia. The blue gum species is exceedingly brittle when alive, but, after being cut and exposed to the weather, the fibres become as tough as wire, and no axe can cleave them.

It is a singular fact that along the entire seacoast of France not even a single pail of sea water can be taken from the ocean into houses for bathing or other purposes without breaking an express statute. Revenue authorities can grant a special permission, otherwise the removal is illegal. The reason for this strange prohibition is that salt is taxed in France. Sea water contains salt, and is therefore liable to the salt tax on that basis. Hence the law reads that it is forbidden to "take or transport salt water or saliniferous matter for any other destination than that of a factory regularly authorized by the State for the purpose." It is not surprising to learn that the French newspapers are criticising the authorities for this prohibition and inquiring whether the Government is afraid that the sea may be emptied.

Following promptly upon Minister Hanotaux's speech in the Chamber of Deputies comes the intelligence that the Porte understands French sufficiently well to know that further evasion is useless and that the reforms promised a year ago must be fulfilled. Telegrams have accordingly been sent to all the military governors informing them that they will be held responsible for any further bloodshed, and instructing them to undertake at once the reforms agreed upon. Evidently the Powers are acting jointly and cordially, and upon a concerted and thorough scheme, with the French ambassador at Constantinople as their spokesman. The Porte can no longer play off one Power against another, or make promises which it does not intend to fulfill. The European cabinets mean business, and Turkey must submit or suffer the consequences.

Professor Lowell's observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, is in process of removal to the City of Mexico, the elevation of which — about 8,000 feet above sea level — with other conditions, render it suitable for stellar study during the winter months. Many discoveries have been made with the new 24-inch telescope since it was placed in position in August last. The planets and the southern stars have received special attention. Besides his valuable contributions to our knowledge of Mars, Professor Lowell has confirmed Schiaparelli's discovery that Mercury and Venus rotate only once in the the course of a revolution round the sun. The Professor finds that Mercury has an appreciable atmosphere, and Venus a considerable one, though with but few clouds. Fifty new stellar systems have been discovered among the southern stars since August 1.

In her annual address at the twenty-third convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in St. Louis last week, Miss Frances E. Willard made some interesting statements concerning woman's progress (particularly during the past year), a few of which we quote for the benefit of those who failed to read the address in full. Twenty-five States have given the educational ballot to women; one (Kansas) has conferred upon them the municipal ballot, and three (Wyoming, Colorado and Utah) have made them full citizens. Forty-three per cent of the 400,000 teachers in this country are women. Out of 451 colleges and universities in this country only 41 are closed to women; the rest are co-educational. Besides these there are 143 schools of the higher educational standard, with 30,000 students. One-fourth of the fellowships of the University of Chicago are held by women.

One of the most difficult ailments to diagnose, especially in its inception, is typhoid fever. The bacillus of this disease does not enter the blood of the victim — the blood apparently creates an antitoxin against it — but lurks in the spleen, the lymph nodes of the intestines and the lymph glands. It has been discovered by Professor Pfeiffer of Berlin that if the blood of a typhoid patient be brought in contact with a typhoid bacillus culture a specific change results — not producible by other bacteria. Here then is an opportunity for prompt and accurate diagnosis — an opportunity which the Brooklyn Board of Health purposes to utilize. A physician in doubt can procure a drop or two of his patient's blood, let it fall on sterile filter paper, enclose it in a sterilized envelope, send it to the biological laboratory, and be informed within twenty-four hours whether his case is typhoid or not.

Niagara's Power at Buffalo.

Long-distance electrical transmission is being attempted for the first time in this country, as we go to press. It has been a year and a half since the giant dynamos at Niagara began to turn the wheels of mills built in their vicinity; but it was not until Monday last that the transformers were perfected and the connections made whereby power could be sent twenty-seven miles to operate street railway and other systems in the city of Buffalo. The Tesla polyphase alternating current system is the one used, the alternations numbering 5,000 per minute. The currents are first sent to a transformer house, where, for transmission purposes, they are converted into currents of high potential, say 20,000 voltage. At Buffalo the current is reduced in potential and put on the wires for use. The first installment of energy was 1,000 horse power. The success of similar transmission in France and Germany warrants confidence in the experiments now being tried here.

Instruction in Farming.

Every State and Territory in the Union, Alaska excepted, is now provided with opportunities for scientific agricultural training — either by a separate collegiate institution, or by special courses in connection with some university. To maintain these the Federal Government has granted nearly eleven millions of acres of land. The buildings, grounds, libraries and scientific apparatus connected with these institutions are estimated to be worth nearly twenty millions of dollars. Their graduates number almost four thousand, and the present total student roll contains nearly five thousand names. Connected (for the most part) with these colleges are forty-six experimental stations, each of which receives $15,000 annually from the Federal Government, at which original inquiries in all branches pertaining to agriculture are pursued, the diseases of plants and their remedies studied, and a wide range of practical investigation relating to crops, foreign plants, food for stock, the scientific production of butter and cheese, etc., is carried on. Farmers are instructed, as the result of these investigations, how to protect themselves, for instance, from the ravages of injurious insects, and how to make the most of their facilities. In a quiet way, the country over, this study and enlightenment are going on, and farming is becoming intelligent and remunerative.

Our Demands upon Spain.

Acting upon information brought by Consul General Lee of Havana, the Madrid Government, it is said, has been officially notified that the imposition of special fines and similar unjust discriminations against American ships entering the port of Havana must immediately cease or they will be treated as an affront to the United States. The opinion is held that these annoyances originate in the displeasure of Spain with this country because filibustering expeditions succeed in escaping the vigilance of our authorities. There is no question, at any rate, of Spain's unfriendly attitude towards this Government, although we have patiently continued the policy of non-intervention in Cuban affairs. The fear is expressed that she may by some foolish, overt act, more pronounced and significant than the annoyances above mentioned, precipitate hostilities. To make ready for this possibility, the splendid fleet under command of Admiral Bunce is kept in readiness and will be maintained in highest efficiency. It is not, of course, to the interest of Great Britain that Spain should go to war with this country. Cuban securities to a vast amount are held in London, and these would be sacrificed if Spain should provoke hostilities. Sir Julian Pauncefote, it is said, will use his kind offices to prevent trouble. There ought to be sense enough left in Spain to foresee that to declare war with the United States could end in only one way — in her being soundly and speedily whipped, and in her loss of Cuba beyond recall.

Bismarck's Extraordinary Behavior.

That the fate of the Triple Alliance, which for ten years has preserved the peace of Europe, has been practically sealed by the disclosures recently made by Prince Bismarck in the columns of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, is generally conceded. For how can Austria and Italy continue to trust Germany now that it is known that, after they had formed a solemn pact with her, she practically nullified it by entering into a secret understanding with Russia, one of the Powers at which it was aimed? After this revelation of bad faith what is to prevent Germany from being severely let alone by the other Powers as no longer worthy of political confidence? Further, what motive was there for these damaging disclosures? They were too deliberately made to be attributed to an indiscreet impulse, too serious and daring to be explained as merely an ebullition of senile spitefulness against the Emperor. The Iron Chancellor must have some far-reaching diplomatic purpose in view in divulging State secrets so discreditable to himself and so menacing to the Empire which he helped to form. Whatever that purpose is, no one knows it but himself; but it will ere long probably come to light.

The Venezuelan Agreement.

The first authoritative statement that this long-pending boundary dispute, concerning which this Government has taken so decided a stand — insisting that the whole territory in controversy should be submitted to arbitration, and employing a high and competent commission to determine as nearly as possible the original delimitation — had been satisfactorily arranged, was made by Lord Salisbury at the Lord Mayor's banquet on the evening of November 9. It caused a grateful feeling of relief both here and in England that this disturbing question had been laid to rest. The terms of the agreement were subsequently announced. England recedes from her determination to submit only a part of the disputed area to arbitrators — the whole will be submitted. The Monroe doctrine, as enunciated by this Government, is recognized henceforth as a principle that cannot be set aside in international disputes in which this country is involved. A tribunal of five members is to be constituted; two of these are to be nominated by the Supreme Court of this country, two by the Supreme Court of Great Britain, and the fifth member, who shall preside, is to be selected by the other four, and must be a jurist — he may be a judge of either the Supreme Court of Great Britain or of this country; failing of selection by the four, King Oscar of Sweden will be called upon to select him. The tribunal will examine all the facts accessible to determine the controversy as to what territory was acquired by Great Britain when she took possession of that part of Guiana formerly owned by the United Netherlands and the Kingdom of Spain. Counsel may be employed by both the contending parties. In cases where it shall be found that English settlers have occupied territory on soil that is rightfully Venezuelan for a period of at least fifty years, their rights shall not be disturbed. As most of the encroachments complained of by Venezuela have been made within a dozen years, particularly those in the mining districts, it is not believed that many Englishmen will acquire titles by this prescription. No mention is made in the agreement of Schomburgh's line, or Aberdeen's, or any other fictitious boundary; the entire region west of the Essequibo is to be left to unrestricted arbitration. A permanent treaty between England and Venezuela will follow upon the decisions of this tribunal. In this, as in other critical matters, Secretary Olney has exhibited diplomatic skill and persistency of the highest order.

Our Contributors.

ALCHEMY.

Rev. Ozora S. Davis.

No lustrous liquid secretly distilled,
No rarest stone with mighty magic filled,
Can change a life and make a joy of dole,
But only Love's enthralment of the soul.

Springfield, Vt.

STORM-LOVERS.

James Buckham.

I HAVE always admired that rugged quality in a man which makes him love a storm and enjoy battling with it. There is certainly good, manly stuff in the spirit who, like Thoreau, can take huge and genuine delight in storms and frost and cold. What a thorough child of nature the Concord hermit was! Few could enjoy and profit by such mothering as he alludes to in this March note: "A long, soaking rain, the drops trickling down the stubble, while I lay drenched on a last year's bed of wild oats, by the side of some bare hill, ruminating." And then the quiet, veracious, unassuming tone of that other journal-confession: "If the weather is thick and stormy enough, if there is a good chance to be cold and wet and uncomfortable — in other words, to feel weather-beaten — you may consume the afternoon to advantage, thus browsing along the edge of some near wood, which would scarcely detain you at all in fair weather."

Perhaps, however, this same passion, in some of us, takes a milder form — a fondness for sitting by the window when the rain beats gustily against it, or the snow sifts and rustles across it; sitting enveloped in a "tumultuous privacy of storm," oblivious and abstracted; entering with heart and soul into the stir and excitement of the out-door world, as if the tossing of the trees and the thunder-roar of the wind were motions and voices of one's own restless spirit.

At least one such gentle storm-lover I know, a busy man and serious; yet, if a snowstorm comes whirling about his office windows, he inevitably drops his pen, and wheels the old, green-baize chair to the casement; and there he sits for hours, still as a wondering child, watching the interweaving flakes, and following the ghostly gusts with a dreamer's eye — a practical man of affairs, with a survival in him of the worshipful poet-savage!

Indeed, I think that the infatuation of the storm-lover dates back, in all cases, to what is most primitive, childlike, and worshipful in the race. It is a survival of the time when men personified the elements and made gods of them. There is something distinctly religious in my friend's feeling as he watches a snowstorm; and I can easily believe (I know it to be true in my own case) that when a man is irresistibly moved to go out and be cuffed by the wind and beaten by the rain, he has a vivid consciousness of personal communion with the God of the storm.

On a wild day in February, 1896, with a typical east storm driving upon the Atlantic coast, I yielded to the temptation to put on my rain-coat and hip-boots and go for a walk on the shore. The white-capped waves came roaring straight from Boston Light into Quincy Bay, dashing far up the shore; and the penetrating rain drove in veils across the marshes. Rows of deserted summer cottages looked desolate and out-of-place. The half-frozen marshes and sterile fields showed no sign of life; and I said to myself, "Surely, to-day, there will be none to share with me the grandeur and romance of the storm!" Yet within an hour's time I met four other storm-lovers, like myself, wandering solitary and exalted. No other purpose could have brought them down to that desolate coast on such a day. Each held his way along the water's edge, silent and thoughtful, communing with the storm. One was an old man; and I saw him take off his hat to the wind and the rain. The touch of the storm was to him as soft and loving as a mother's finger-tips.

Three miles of glorious battling with the wind, and I came to the banks of a creek into which the flood-tide was rapidly pouring. Reluctantly turning westward, I found a dike built across the marshes, with a narrow path that ran along its top. Following this, with the storm at my back, I discovered that it led to a knoll, rising island-like in the marsh. Dwarfed and twisted oaks were scattered over the knoll, and amid the sparse, brown grass rose, at frequent intervals, what appeared at a little distance to be black plumes fluttering in the wind. I found them to be remnants of discolored flags, each planted at the foot of a soldier-sailor's grave. I had stumbled upon one of the sleeping-places of the nation's honored dead. At the head of each grave was an iron staff and crescent, enclosing the letters, "G. A. R." At the foot blew the wind-torn flag, planted there on last Memorial Day, all stripped away now, save the stars on their blurred background of blue.

There was a most touching pathos about this lonely, sea-facing burial-ground in the marsh. Were not these silent sleepers storm-lovers too, lying with their faces ever toward the restless, fog-bordered sea, upon whose heaving waters their active lives had been spent? The wind moaned in the stunted oaks, and the tears of the rain clustered upon the sparse grass. I walked up and down the row of huddled graves. "G. A. R., 15" — only the number at each sleeper's head! Forgotten? — Nay, not so! What matters the indistinguishable name in the glory of the honored deed and cause? Who would not rather be "G. A. R., 15," with the wreath at his head and the flag at his feet, than the Honorable Moneybags, with his unconsecrated name graven in monumental granite at his heirs' expense?

The gathering shadows of an early winter twilight warned me to retrace my steps, and as I reverently left the marine burial-ground in the marsh, I could barely see, looming a mile away, the walls of the Old Sailors' Home in Quincy, that had sheltered these veterans in the evening of their days.

Back along the shore I tramped — a tired storm-lover, seeking now the grateful shelter of home. My silent, sombre, fellow-wanderers had disappeared — though, once or twice, I fancied I saw the old man, far out by the water's edge, hatless and wind-blown.

It was six o'clock as I reached my own door, weary and wet in body, but refreshed in spirit. The gust that came in with me was extinguished in warmth and welcome and fireside cheer. But late into the night I heard, with unabated exaltation of soul, the roaring of the wind about the house; and when I fell asleep the solemn voice of the storm continued with me in dreams.

Boston, Mass.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

"Dearborn."

AS Chicago is generally recognized as the political storm-centre of the nation, it will not be surprising to learn that everything has waited upon politics. For two or three weeks business has been at a stand-still. Even the churches have given way before the political tide. No one has had the hardihood to attempt special services, either through fear of counter attractions or because of the danger of winding up with the usual political harangue. This interest was well illustrated at the recent session of the Rock River Conference when Professor Graham Taylor of the Chicago Theological Seminary, who was addressing the ministers on sociology, desiring to make a reference to Byron, unwittingly said: "Poor Bryan." A roar followed, which led Professor Taylor to say: "That mistake shows the influence of association. At the Chicago Commons, the social settlement where I make my home, no matter what subject we take up in our ward meetings it always ends with Bryan and free silver." Yet, in spite of the intense excitement, there never has been a campaign in this city so marked by good-feeling and courtesy on both sides. It has, notwithstanding some unfortunate examples, been singularly free from personalities and appeals to passion. We have had all the great speakers on both sides, and Mr. Bryan gave nearly a week to the city, speaking from six to ten times daily, yet there has been no disorder. And election day, despite the crowds and the banter, was as quiet as it well could be. In the evening it seemed that every man, woman and child were on the streets, each one with some startling device for making a noise never before heard on sea or land, and everybody in good humor. Even the free silver people were out helping to swell the chorus of strange sounds. Much of the freedom from riotous tendencies has undoubtedly been due to the care and determination of Chief of Police Badenoch. He has sought to enforce the laws without reference to party, and as strictly as possible. On election day, early in the morning, some forty saloon-keepers were arrested for opening their establishments, and that summary proceeding was not lost upon other intending law-breakers. Everybody praises Mr. Badenoch for his rare wisdom and justice.

* * *

The remarkable popularity of Ian Maclaren is strikingly shown by the fact that in the most exciting period of the campaign every appearance of the Scottish writer has been greeted with crowded houses. The writer could not get a seat for any price, and was finally permitted to stand beside a pillar in one of the galleries. His three public lectures and readings must have produced in gross receipts not far below $10,000. Dr. Watson preached on Sunday, Nov. 1, to an immense audience of students at Chicago University on "The Optimism of Jesus." He has received marked attention from our literati. One of the first of these to entertain the distinguished visitor was Mr. H. N. Higinbotham, whose only production thus far is a batch of World's Fair reports; but then, Mr. Higinbotham is a pleasant gentleman and knows a lion when he sees one. It is reported that Miss Lillian Bell, the dashing author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," also entertained Mr. Watson. It is, therefore, in order for some one to refer to Chicago again as "the city of contrasts."

* *

There were a good many changes at the recent session of the Rock River Conference. Many of them were quite surprising. Not for many years have there been so many complaints coming up to the Conference from laymen against their pastors. When analyzed, the most of these are financial rather than anything else, showing how intimate are the relations between economic and religious forces. Salaries are hard to raise, and hence a change of pastors is demanded with the hope that a new man may draw better than the old, and so make the financial problem easier to solve. As predicted in my last letter, Rev. H. G. Leonard was taken from Hyde Park Church. His successor is Rev. A. W. Patten, D. D., of Joliet, one of the most popular and scholarly ministers in the Conference. Dr. Patten was at First Church, Evanston, some years ago. From there he went to Englewood, thence to First Church, Aurora. Rev. O. E. Murray, who has for some years been making a decided campaign against Romanism, is stationed at Paulina Street Church in the midst of Roman Catholics. He will need to exercise much wisdom both as a pastor and preacher. Warnings against the political power of Romanism will be interpreted in that neighborhood as a direct attack on what has been always regarded as divine. Dr. Robert McIntyre has begun his work at St. James' with a good outlook, and Dr. Crane continues to stir up things at Trinity.

* *

Dr. Jennings, our new book agent, has moved his family to Hyde Park on the South Side. He himself is attending strictly to business, with good prospects of making the Chicago branch of the Book Concern more prosperous than ever. The job-printing department has been thoroughly overhauled, a splendid new press has just been installed, and the compositors' force has been increased from three to twelve. There is no reason why the Methodist press in Chicago should not earn ten times what it does at present, except the lack of adequate space. Dr. Jennings is doing what he can, but it is impossible to push out beyond the present walls, and the building is but five stories high with a basement.

* *

The Preachers' Meeting has elected its officers for the year, with Rev. W. H. Holmes, of Wicker Park Church, as the successor of Dr. Parkhurst. The new committee, with Rev. J. P. Brushingham at the head, is beginning to show commendable activity in the matter of subjects for discussion. Last year we had a list for a whole year in advance which laid especial emphasis on church history and biography, with the professors from Garrett Biblical Institute very much in evidence. Their papers were always interesting, but it did seem rather a strange thing that preachers who were supposed to be students themselves should be willing to give up the best hour of the week to historical commonplaces. Evidently everybody has had enough of it, and we may now expect themes appropriate to such a meeting. Monday, Nov. 2, Rev. B. Lambert, one of our German presiding elders, read a paper of great interest on "The Advisability of Continuing Work among the Foreign Population in Their Own Languages." The speaker spoke emphatically for the affirmative. In the interesting discussion which followed Dr. Luke Hitchcock referred to his own efforts to persuade the Book Committee to begin the publishing of our books in foreign languages.

* *

It is not generally understood, even in Methodist circles in Chicago, but it is a fact that Governor Altgeld of this State, who will soon be able to write "ex" before his title, is a member in regular standing in our church. He belongs to Wesley Church, on the North Side, whose pastor is Rev. A. M. White. For some time previous to his present pastorate Mr. White was chaplain of the State Penitentiary at Joliet and was removed by Governor Altgeld when the latter came into power. Personally, Governor Altgeld seems to be free from any stain upon his character. He had, previous to his election, attained some prominence as a writer on penology. His indictment of police court methods is strong and just. A year ago he undoubtedly would have won against his present antagonist, Tanner, a machine politician of the worst type. But for a year, or perhaps six months, Governor Altgeld has been going from bad to worse. He seems to have lost all self-control; is bitter, unjust, almost venomous in his attacks. To many the present contest in this State seemed to give the choice between a machine politician of bad reputation and a madman. The former seemed the safer, to say nothing of the difference in platforms represented by them.

* *

It is rare that such general sympathy is awakened as is everywhere felt for Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Wilkinson, of Hemenway Church, Evanston, over the death of their sweet little daughter, Ruth, who died, after a short illness, on Sunday, Oct. 25. Up to within a day or two of the end there seemed to be no cause for alarm, but on Sunday the disease proved unmistakably to be diphtheria. Just about a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson lost a younger child, a son, from the same cause. Their first-born, also a son, died when quite young. And now these stricken parents find themselves childless. They are both strong in faith or they might find themselves stranded on the bleak rocks of unbelief. They have a devoted church and hosts of friends to sustain them by prayer and sympathy, yet their great sorrow must prove a Gethsemane into which no one can enter but their Lord.

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The Rock River Conference Epworth League Convention will hold a two days' session at the Centenary Church Nov. 19 and 20. The Cabinet will be in session at the same time, and several of the members are secured for speeches and conferences.

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The National Evangelization Union will hold its annual meeting at the First Methodist Church in this city on Dec. 4 and 5. On Sunday, Dec. 6, the members will occupy the various pulpits of the city.

* *

Rev. Frank C. Lockwood, Ph. D., pastor at Windsor Park, has consented to accept the pastorate of Iliff Church, Salt Lake City. Mr. Lockwood is one of the most popular young men in the Rock River Conference. Last June he received his graduate degree from Northwestern University. His thesis on "Emerson as a Philosopher" was published in the current number of the *Methodist Review*.

ART AND ARTISTS.

III.

George Du Maurier.

Jeannette M. Dougherty.

THIS brilliant man will always be known as the artist-novelist, and his name be a synonym for fame in art, fiction and drama. His own life is said to have been as remarkable and as interesting as the fascinating fiction he created. The early childhood of Du Maurier showed his talent for drawing, but his father was determined to educate him for a chemist. The artist tells us about his school days at the London University College, and how he drew caricatures of the masters, which were praised; but the doctor told him he would make a "shocking bad chemist." Later the father provided the young man with a laboratory of his own, but he hated the business and sat in the midst of laboratory apparatus and drew pictures.

After the father's death Du Maurier turned to art as a profession, going to Paris to begin his studies. Here he was soon in the congenial society of artists and winning friends among them. From Paris he goes to the Antwerp Academy. It was here, he tells us, that he met with the

great tragedy of his life, the loss of sight in one eye. It is said that the fear of total blindness haunted his life. This loss probably influenced him to turn to black and white rather than colors for his work. In pen drawing, as a caricaturist, he won a high reputation, being considered one of the greatest the world has had. The character of his work is such that no matter how distorted and exaggerated the subject you are still conscious of the beauty and true dignity the artist puts into the graceful lines which are never ugly, however funny the pictures may be. There is nothing of irony in his satire, but a wit and genial humor that ridicules to laugh with you. People will remember the fun and amusement he provided for them. It is just to say, however, that his pictures were appreciated by the few rather than the many, and those few were the ones understanding British life. It is when he writes that he draws the larger circle of admirers.

In 1891 the artist becomes novelist and writes "Peter Ibbetson," and three years later "Trilby," which were both brought out by the Harpers. Of the marvelous success of his writing and of his literary inspiration, Du Maurier says: "Nobody more than myself was surprised at the great success of my novels. I never expected anything of the sort. I did not know that I could write. I had no idea I had any experiences worth recording. The circumstances under which I came to write are curious. I was walking one evening with Henry James. He said he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. 'Plots,' I exclaimed, 'I am full of plots,' and I went on to tell him the plot of 'Trilby.' 'But you ought to write that story,' cried James. 'I can't write,' I said, 'I have never written. If you like the plot so much, you may take it.' But James would not take it; he said it was too valuable a present, and that I must write the story myself." "Trilby" has sold by the thousands and scores of thousands. It has been the most popular novel of this generation. Whether it deserves this great popularity, which has been aided largely by social fad, what place it will hold in literature, remains to be seen. The immense sum of money the author received for his three novels must have surpassed any writer's wildest dreams.

George Du Maurier's life was happy, prosperous and well spent in the use of his wondrous talents. He lived on a quiet street in London in a richly furnished house, the numerous angles of which were overgrown with ivy.

Chicago, Ill.

DROP ZION'S ?

N. A. M. Roe.

"WE must economize!" It had been said often before that season, but it was said each time with more emphasis, and after each repetition something that it seemed almost impossible to do without had been cut from the list of household needs, or rather wants. Mr. Sparks was reading the last number of ZION'S HERALD, and as he went over the paragraphs which gave him ready information about his church, he did feel pleased to have it condensed in such form that he could get it all at a glance, but when he noticed the call for subscriptions and renewals, and the price stood out so prominently, it seemed to cover all the rest, and a great wave of economy swept over him with such force that he was overwhelmed. He often expended fifty cents for an evening's pleasure, but he forgot that five fifty cents covered the pleasure of fifty-two evenings for himself, and that did not count the comfort his family took in that one paper.

Dismay was on Mrs. Sparks' face as she said: "I get a great deal of help from it, Henry."

"Well, it's too high. There's *Munsey's* only a dollar, and *McClure's* a dollar, and lots of those big magazines with columns packed full of information, and I say two dollars and fifty cents is too much, and I'm going to drop it."

"Well, if you think we ought, I will make no objection, but I don't think you half realize what you are giving up," was the quiet answer.

When the time ran out ZION'S ceased to come to the Sparks' home.

"Didn't ZION'S come today?" asked Helen, the eldest daughter.

Seeing that Mrs. Sparks wasn't going to say anything, Mr. Sparks calmly announced that he had dropped the paper.

"Dropped ZION'S! What am I to do? I have to lead the meeting Sunday night, and I don't even know the topic! What did you do it for? I think it's real"—

"Helen! Helen!" said her mother's warning voice.

Cold shivers went up Mr. Sparks' back. He hadn't thought of Helen's League work that he was so proud of. Her clear voice and the earnest way in which she put the subject before the members had often been remembered for many a day after the meeting. Had he done right in cutting off the only help in her work?

The eyes of Benny, the ten-year-old boy, filled with tears when he found the children's column was a lost pleasure. Only the year before the *Youth's Companion* had been "dropped," and Benny was a boy who had big blue eyes and spent hours curled up in a corner of the easy-chair reading. It didn't make much difference to him what he read — his "Child's History of the Bible," his "Life of General Grant" in words of one syllable, but always every week the new stories in ZION'S; and when he had so little that was good as well as new, it seemed a pity to stop even that. Benny put on his thinking cap, and then after a while there was a conference with mamma.

"Papa, I want to go into business, and mamma said I might if you were willing to stand behind me and pay the bills if I failed. She says men who borrow money always have to have some security, or perhaps give security. I don't understand very well about it, but I don't intend to fail, and I don't know much of anybody but you and Mr. Jakes, my Sunday-school teacher, and mamma said I'd better talk with you first; but if you'd rather not, papa, why, I'll see Mr. Jakes, and then" —

"What is the boy talking about?" said his father, looking at him in bewilderment.

"I'm going to sell home-made candy — that is, if I can. I am going to borrow the money of you if you will let me, and buy the sugar and other things, and you say yourself that you don't believe there is a boy in town who can make caramels as well as I can; and — but you see there are a good many ifs," and Benny looked very doubtfully into his father's face. "It don't seem as if I could fail for $2.50. Besides, mamma says she will help me, and Helen is working some doilies for Mrs. Green, and she will help too. Don't you think I could?"

"No, I don't," was the gruff answer, but if Benny had listened closely he would have heard a tremble in the voice; "you're too young to take financial matters on your shoulders."

"I can see Mr. Jakes" —

"What's your mother thinking of? You tell her I'll see Mr. Jakes, or, rather, if you need $2.50, I'll give it to you. I'm able to support the family yet, I guess. You tell her I say so."

"But it isn't for shoes, it's for ZION'S," said Benny with hesitation, for he couldn't have any misunderstanding about the matter. It was of great importance to him.

"Well, it's time for me to be off. I shall miss the train now."

"There's half an hour; the clock is right, for I set it Sunday when the bells rung for ten."

He never allowed but fifteen minutes to go to the station, but this morning he said something about a man he'd got to see, and hurried away. He reached the gate, and then remembered that he hadn't inquired if anything was wanted from the city. As he turned back Mrs. Sparks opened the door.

"I wish you would go into the reading-room and look through the late numbers of *Munsey's* and *McClure's*, and get me the one which has the best synopsis of the Sunday-school lesson."

"Ha! ha! *Munsey* and the Sunday-school lesson! Why, Mary, what are you thinking of? That's a good joke!"

"Oh! I thought *Munsey* had all ZION'S had, and more, but if it don't, why" —

Mr. Sparks slammed the front gate, but Mrs. Sparks shut the front door very quietly. She told Benny she thought he had better wait a few days and perhaps papa would fix it some way.

At the supper table Mr. Sparks said: "Mr. Bell paid me that five dollars he owes, and I thought I might as well pay my subscription for ZION'S. It's a mighty bright paper. The editor knows his business."

He stirred his tea vigorously, though he had not put in the sugar. Mrs. Sparks smiled as she handed over the sugar bowl, Helen clapped her hands with, "Papa, that's splendid!" and Benny's face smiled all over, but he only looked his pleasure. The big blue eyes held all the thanks Mr. Sparks needed from that direction.

The paper stopped coming just long enough to convince Mr. Sparks that he couldn't do without it, and wherever he may economize in the future, he will never again drop ZION'S HERALD.

Worcester, Mass.

MEMORIES OF LEE CLAFLIN.

Fannie B. Rice.

THE editorial in ZION'S HERALD of Nov. 4, bringing to mind the life and work of Rev. T. Willard Lewis, and, closely connected, that of Lee Claflin, has made the thought, many times entertained by the writer, of putting on paper some personal remembrances of the grand old man, take definite shape; and if they are acceptable to the editor and readers of this paper, she will be well repaid by the delight it gives her to recall the same.

My childhood and early youth were spent in his immediate neighborhood, and many a ride after Father Claflin's old bay horse was a treat the surfeited children of today would hardly appreciate. Just before the days of the Hopkinton railroad, he, while representing his district in the Senate, used always to drive to Ashland to take the Boston train, and day after day through the summer would take parties of berry-pickers to their destination, about half way, and, returning, take them and their numerous baskets, thus saving them a two-mile walk.

Apropos of his love for the colored people, and also his sense of humor (which he had in a marked degree, though showing it in his own quiet, moderate way), let me tell you of a young colored girl who was living at Dr. Warren's, and went with us to pick berries for her employer. Of course there was a limit to the capacity of the old one-seated wagon, if not to his big heart, so "Amy" had to walk, clinging to the rear, and with a twinkle in his eye he made the old horse go faster and faster, until poor Amy was nearly horizontal in her efforts to keep up.

Another time when he failed to admit the humor of the situation, was when he was teaching a young lad to milk. Barns were barns in those days, and not the cleanly affairs of today, and so, when slightly irritated by the awkwardness of his pupil, he took the pail, saying, "This is the way." Almost at the same moment his feet slipped, and he sat or lay ungracefully under the cow. The boy gravely asked if he should do *that* every time, and the old gentleman bade him go home.

One young man who has been for years successful in his profession will pardon the following if it meets his eye. Wishing for work, he applied to Father Claflin, and was told he might go into the woods and cut wood with him. Oh, he couldn't do that, it was too hard. "Well," he replied, in his gentle voice, "perhaps you had better go home and braid straw with your mother."

His prudent spirit showed itself in an incident told us by his wife. Looking for some old clothes, and being informed that they had been sent to the freedmen, he said, in a voice of mild expostulation: "Why, I was going to wear them some more myself."

He used to tell his wife, who would sometimes say that she was out of patience with certain parties, that she "must pray for a little *more* patience."

One of his mannerisms, when speaking in meeting, was to tightly close and at intervals open his eyes, and I am afraid I was more fascinated in watching to see how long he would keep them closed than by the kind, helpful words that fell from his lips.

Of his kindness in quiet, unobtrusive ways, I might write at great length, but will only mention one case: Having ordered some small wood of him, just as extremely cold weather came on, we looked out of the window to see him trundling a wheelbarrow full to us, for fear, as he said, that we might suffer from the cold before his man could get around to it with the team.

Many a poor man has been helped over a tight place while paying for his little home.

Generous yet prudent, kind yet just, thoughtful of suffering in all forms yet condemning that brought about by sin or shiftlessness, Father Claflin will ever be to my mind one of God's faithful stewards, and his memory be cherished as long as life shall last.

Dorchester, Mass.

"I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." What a ripple of divine music! Let it flow on, carrying joy and hope and peace to drooping flowers by the edge of life's stream. — *J. R. Macduff, D. D.*

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THE GENERAL MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

Reported by Rev. F. N. Upham.

IN Central Church, Detroit, Mich., at 10.30 A. M., Wednesday, Nov. 11, the General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church began its annual session. Bishop Andrews called the meeting to order, introducing Bishop Foss as the leader of the devotions. He read the 121st Psalm, and announced hymn 759. Bishop McCabe led with his trumpet voice and all followed in true Methodistic melody, singing "O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight." The whole hymn, unbroken through its six stanzas, was a spiritual benediction. The prayer of Bishop Foss was comprehensive, tender, fervent and spiritual.

The Committee is composed of 55 members, as follows: Twenty-one Bishops and Missionary Bishops, three corresponding secretaries, recording secretary, two treasurers, fourteen members from General Conference Districts, fourteen members from the Board of Managers. All the Bishops were present at the opening session, with the exception of Bishops Foster, Fowler, Vincent, Joyce, Newman, Goodsell, and Taylor. Bishop Joyce is on an Episcopal tour in Asia, Bishop Goodsell in Europe, Bishop Taylor is holding evangelistic services in South Africa, and Bishop Vincent is on the point of sailing for South America. Every other member of the Committee was present — a fine showing at so early a moment in the session.

Mr. Geo. E. Wasey, a prominent layman of the city, in a graceful speech of welcome extended the hospitality of Michigan Methodism. Bishop Bowman replied heartily on behalf of the Committee. Appropriate mention of the death of Dr. Merritt Hulburd, of Wilmington, Del., was made. Dr. W. F. Corkran, of Seaford, Del., was recognized as his successor from the Second General Conference District. The hours of the daily sessions were fixed from 9 to 12 30 in the morning, and 2 to 5 in the afternoon. The rules of 1895 were adopted for the present session, with the exception that all speeches were limited to five minutes instead of ten.

Special committees were ordered, as follows: In memory of Dr. Hulburd — Messrs. King, Pierce, Tuttle. South America — Bishops Merrill and Warren, Messrs. Jackson, Chaffee, Dobbins and Upham, Secretary Smith, Treasurer Eaton. Africa — Bishops Foss, Walden, Hartzell, Messrs. Carter, Herrick, Sanford and Secretary Leonard. To provide methods for an increase of $250,000 — Bishops Thoburn and McCabe, Secretaries Leonard, Palmer and Smith. Messrs. Goucher, Scott, Corkran and Hodgetts.

Dr. Homer Eaton, treasurer, presented his financial report. Its main figures are as follows: —

The cash receipts of the Missionary Society for the year ending October 31, 1896, amounted to	$1,221,336 18
The total receipts last year were	1,174,554 38
Increase	$46,703 80

The amount for the year came from the following sources: —

Conference Collections	$1,149,598 87
Increase	76,006 46
Legacies	$43,758 80
Decrease	42 503 40
Lapsed Annuities	$13,375 00
Increase	12,375 00
Sundry Receipts	$14,597 81
Increase	295 74

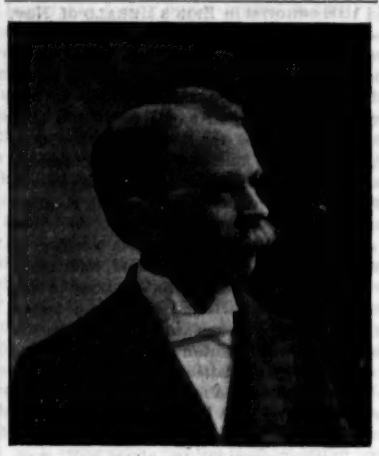
CONDITION OF THE TREASURY.

Expended for all purposes	$1,170,117 16
Total receipts	1,221,358 15
Receipts over expenditures	$51,141 09
Indebtedness Nov. 1, 1895	230,055 36
Net indebtedness Nov. 1, 1896	$187,914 34

Dr. Eaton reported as a most interesting item not specified in his report that $78,098.37 were raised as the special offering for the payment of the debt.

The first great question before the Committee was the total sum to be appropriated. Five amounts were proposed, and each had its vigorous champions: $1,143,000, proposed by Bishop McCabe; $1,121,000, proposed by Dr. Goucher; $1,100,000, proposed by Bishop Walden; $1,080,522, proposed by Dr. Palmer; $1,043,160, proposed by Dr. Leonard.

A long and spirited debate took place over this important matter. Conservatism, enthusiasm, faith, political prophecies, hard-faced facts and pathetic pleadings mingled. The action of the last General Conference clearly limited the Committee, so that it could not appropriate a dollar more than the church had raised the previous year. The great debt of $187,914.34 also



Rev. J. M. Thoburn, Jr.
Pastor of Central Church.

Mr. Thoburn is a nephew of Bishop Thoburn. He is 40 years old, strong in the pulpit and aggressive in his methods. He is meeting with excellent success. This is the second year of his pastorate over this important church.

came in as a most important factor. It had been incurred during the last four years. Many urged that provision must be definitely made for its payment. Others urged that no item for debt should be put into the budget, for, as Bishop McCabe said, "The people are tired of paying money for interest." They insisted that a reduced sum for the general work would show the church that economy was the rule of procedure, and this would so stimulate collections that a good surplus would remain to be paid on the debt.

Dr. Eaton, treasurer, with tremendous earnestness, told of the recent extremities in the Society's finances, how that at one time the debt was fully a half-million of dollars.

Bishop Thoburn felt a further reduction would seriously cripple the work abroad and be a positive cruelty to the missionaries.

Dr. King of New York, declared that sacrifice was not confined to churches or ministers in foreign countries, for within a circle of his acquaintance in this country a reduction of at least 25 per cent. had been made in current expenses.

Dr. Curts tersely stated the only two possible ways of getting out of debt: (1) decrease expenses, (2) increase income.

Finally the vote was taken, and the amount named by Dr. Goucher was adopted — $1,121,000. This is a reduction of $257,013 from last year's appropriation.

In the afternoon Bishop Warren was in the chair. Dr. Corkran, of Delaware, conducted the devotional exercises.

A special committee on Italy, on motion of Mr. Scott of Philadelphia, was appointed: Bishops Hurst and FitzGerald, Messrs. Pierce, Corkran, Scott, Goucher, and Leonard.

Fifty thousand dollars were appropriated for the Contingent Fund — a fund, as defined by Dr. Leonard, for "unforeseen emergencies." This appropriation was twice the amount of last year.

Forty thousand dollars were set aside for the incidental expenses.

THURSDAY.

In the morning Bishop Foss presided. Bishop Thoburn led the devotions.

On motion it was ordered that Bishops FitzGerald, Fowler, Newman, Foss and Walden, Drs. Buckley and Leonard and Alden Speare be added to the committee on Self-supporting Work in South America.

"Miscellaneous Appropriations" was the item next taken up. The particular point considered was salaries of officers, Missionary Bishops, etc. The sum of $30,000 was appropriated for the salaries of the three corresponding secretaries, three Missionary Bishops, and the recording secretary — an increase of $4,000, because of an additional Missionary Bishop and one more corresponding secretary. In fact, however, it is a reduction of a little more than 6 per cent. on the salaries of the officers named. For office expenses $10,000 was appropriated. This includes clerks' salaries, postage, express, stationery, printing, blanks, check-books, bills of exchange, etc., etc.

"For Disseminating Missionary Information" brought out a discussion upon the methods now pursued, chiefly the way in which the apportionments are made. A committee was ordered which should report upon the whole matter of missionary publications. The same amount as last year — $10,000 — was appropriated.

At this time it was ascertained that $381,000 was the sum now to be appropriated for the world-wide work. As to the ration of distribution between the home and foreign fields, Dr. Chaffee moved that the same ratio obtain as last year — 55 per cent. for foreign, and 45 per cent. for home work.

Bishop Fowler moved that the distribution be equal — 50 per cent. each. He believed that our home brethren suffer much more keenly than the foreign missionaries ever can.

Dr. Leonard mentioned that in our country we have the Church Extension and Education Societies assisting the Missionary Society, while in the foreign field the Missionary Society does the work of all three, therefore he believed in the large amount for the foreign work.

Bishop Merrill favored the present ratio.

The vote being taken, it was decided that the ratio should be 45 per cent. for home work, 55 per cent. for foreign.

On motion of Dr. Buckley it was ordered that instead of the usual address to the church prepared by one of the Bishops, the Committee designate one Bishop, one member from the representative districts, and one layman from the Board of Managers who shall be a committee to prepare fifteen-minute addresses which shall be delivered before this Committee, and as spoken reported and scattered broadcast throughout the church. Monday evening was set apart for this order.

In the afternoon Bishop Hurst occupied the chair. Dr. J. R. Day, of Syracuse University, conducted devotional services.

Dr. H. K. Carroll called attention to the fact that the sum total appropriated for the entire work is $38,000 less than last year. He moved that 4 per cent. — which that amount represents — be made throughout the whole work the ratio of reduction.

Bishops Walden and Thoburn strenuously opposed this horizontal cut as a great injustice. The motion was laid on the table.

Bishop Merrill moved that the Committee proceed to the distribution of the appropriation, bearing in mind that about 4 per cent. reduction must be made in the aggregate. It was ordered.

Seven foreign missionaries of our church present were at this time introduced — Dr. Lowry of North China, Rev. W. H. Lacy of Foochow, Rev. G. H. Jones of Korea, Rev. D. O Fox of India, Dr. Drees and Messrs. La Fetra and Winans of South America.

A large public meeting was held in the evening in Central Church, at which Dr. J. M. King, of New York, presided. The evening theme was "Our Domestic Missions." Dr. H. G. Jackson, of Chicago, and Bishop Warren delivered addresses.

FRIDAY.

Bishop Ninde presided in the morning. Bishop Hartzell conducted the devotions.

China.

Work commenced in 1847.

Foochow Mission Conference, organized in 1877, has 11,000 members and probationers. After much discussion the appropriation was fixed at $25,000. *Central China Mission.* Work commenced in 1868. There are 854 members and probationers. This is the chief literary section of the empire which, according to Bishop Fowler, "we must take if we are going to capture China." Our work here, therefore, is largely educational. The appropriation was made $35,000. *North China.* Work commenced in 1869. Organized as a Conference in 1893. Members and probationers, 4,026. The amount appropriated for 1897 was $40,000. *West China.* Work commenced in 1881. Members and probationers, 140. Our most remote mission. "The very picket line of our whole work in China," according to Bishop Walden. "The most expensive mission we are maintaining on the face of the globe," said Dr. Goucher. The sum appropriated was $12,500. The distribution of the funds for West China was committed to the Board of Managers, with the approval of the Bishop in charge of the Mission.

Japan.

Work begun in 1872.
Organized as a Conference in 1884.
Members and probationers, 4,048.

Bishop Fowler, speaking of this field, said: "There are few places on the earth where we can put our money to better advantage. Japan is to be to Asia what Great Britain is to Europe."

Dr. Buckley made a strong plea that the Committee do the very best possible for Japan, as it is a "living nation, bound to go rapidly to good or evil."

The sum appropriated was $48,576.

Korea.

Commenced work in 1885.
Members and probationers, 410.

Amount appropriated, $14,285.

India.

Dr. William Butler began our missionary work in India in 1856.

Bishop Thoburn was granted, for the presentation of India's case, all the time he might wish. "We are face to face," he said, "with what bids fair to be the greatest famine of the age. I am going back to the midst of scenes where parents are offering their children for sale at ten cents apiece. . . . Your recent political campaign has raised the price of silver, which cuts down our income." With sincere and eloquent earnestness he closed by saying: "Now you do the best you can, and we will do the best we can."

Dr. Goucher hoped Bishop Thoburn would make no promise not to call upon the emergency fund, for, said he, "I hope the Bishop will not become sponsor both for poverty and Providence at the same time."

Dr. Buckley showed that if the great famine predicted was to come, it would redound to the great pecuniary advantage of the United States, because of the increased demand for our wheat; therefore we would be in that most desirable condition where philanthropy and self-interest would meet. He felt we could make a liberal appropriation.

Bishop FitzGerald disliked to disagree with Bishop Thoburn, but did object to specially considering India every year as a field for greatest generosity.

Bishop McCabe thought the system of securing special gifts for India had greatly embarrassed the Committee, in that it had formed a basis on which appropriations must be made each succeeding year. These "chronic contingencies" had led this Committee to make India

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Bishop Taylor embarking for Africa, June 19, 1896 (from a photograph).

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the most richly endowed mission field in the world. He thought we were not doing too much for India, if that were the only mission, but since we have other fields, it has too large a share.

Bishop Fowler showed that the New York Office had been naturally led to give special favor to India because of Bishop Harris' extraordinary interest in that work. He threw the weight of his great personality and of his official position into the scale for India. This General Committee from all over the church ought to look upon this field impartially.

Bishop Andrews said: "I for one believe that when Providence has opened that mighty work, our only answer can be that we should give the sum asked for."

Bishop Hurst said: "We must follow the order of God. 20,000 souls come to us every year in India. Somehow or other God's Spirit seems to be pervading that empire."

Dr. Leonard said: "The great hour for India has come. If we do not make the appropriations asked, Bishop Thoburn must dismiss hundreds of native workers, and send home many missionaries. It would be disastrous."

Dr. Eaton said: "I don't know why we should cut in China, but advance in India. I trust we shall look along the whole line, and not make fish of one and fowl of the other."

Bishop Foss said: "The providence and the grace of God have outrun Bishop Thoburn's most ardent hopes and glowing predictions. We read of 18,000 conversions in ten months. We must provide teachers. To cut down $1,000 means to send away many preachers. It seems as though the angels of God or the invisible Christ were holding the banner and leading the host, and we must follow."

Bishop Walden presided in the afternoon. Dr. Smith, of Vermont, led the devotions.

Dr. Chaffee, of Minnesota, took up the debate on India. He said: "The India missions have an advantage over all the other missions on earth in the presence and advocacy of Bishop Thoburn in this Committee." He favored the full $140,000 asked, less 4 per cent. — $134,400.

The vote was then taken, and the sum of $134,400 was appropriated.

Malaysia.

Commenced, 1885.
A Mission Conference, 1893.
Members and probationers, 68.

Bishop Thoburn called the even cut every-where "wicked." He said: "There are three men. One has sixteen ounces of bread and just lives. The second has eight ounces and is starving. The third has four ounces, and has but a short time to live. Now make a cut of ten per cent. all around. The first man hardly feels it. The second nearly faints. The third dies outright. Don't kill our thriving missionary child, Malaysia."

The amount appropriated was $5,036.

Africa.

Commenced in 1833.
Organized as a Conference in 1856.

This continent is as large as North America and Europe, with a population of 200,000,000. Bishop Hartzell was given unlimited time to present the cause so dear to his heart. He told in detail of the work in Africa, and showed great study of the conditions and prospects.

Bishop Newman thought that while Bishop Hartzell showed great familiarity with his continental parish, yet he felt that the Bishop should spend a year in travel, come back to us next year, and then report, when we could vote much more intelligently.

Though the report called for an immense advance — more than $9,000 — the sum asked for was unanimously granted, the Committee rising to the vote. $14,700 was appropriated.

Bishop Foss moved a resolution expressing the Committee's appreciation of Bishop Hartzell's mastery of his field, and pledging him the prayerful interest and constant love of the church. It was unanimously adopted by a rising vote. At the suggestion of Bishop McCabe Mrs. Hartzell was similarly assured of the church's esteem.

North Germany.

The sum appropriated was $12,333.

Switzerland.

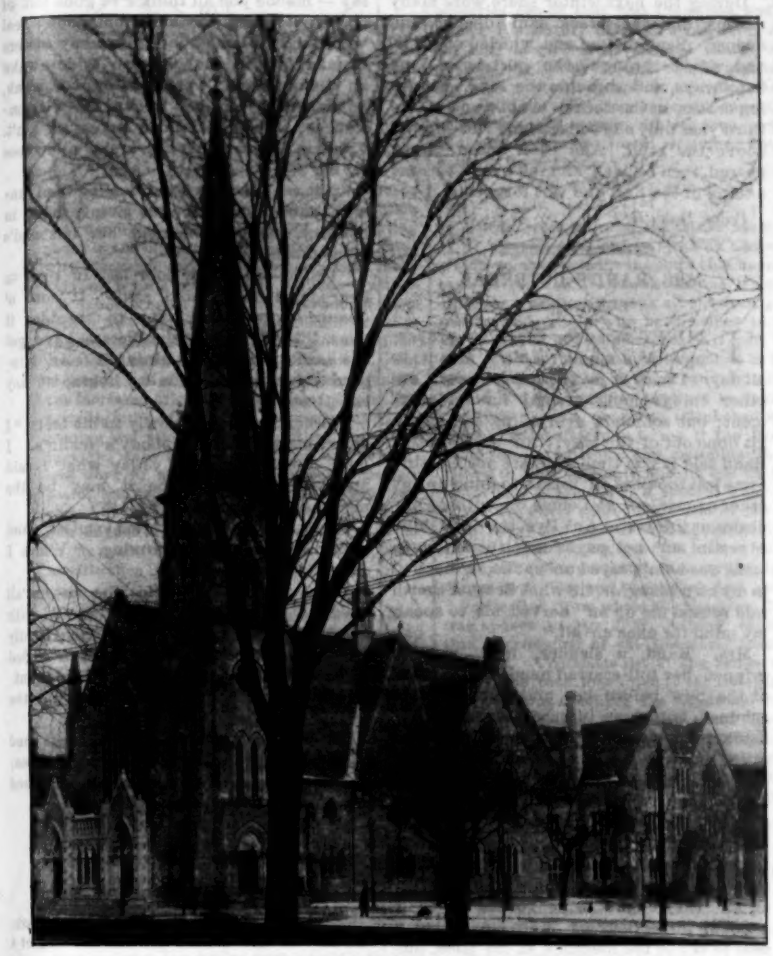
$7,500 was appropriated.

Norway.

$12,260 was appropriated, and $500 additional was placed at the disposal of the Board for the theological school in Christiania.

Friday evening a great mass meeting was held in Central Church. China, Japan and Korea were represented by Dr. Leonard and Bishop Mallalieu.

[Concluded next week.]



Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Detroit.

This is one of the most imposing churches in American Methodism, and is excelled by few in American Protestantism. It is made of gray granite, and has a graceful spire with bell and clock. It stands on a principal thoroughfare, just opposite a beautiful park. The chapel joins it, and on the same lot is a spacious parsonage. All this magnificent plant is of the same solid granite. Its audience-room has sittings for about 1,200 people. It has a vaulted roof, upheld by massive pillars. Altogether, the church is of cathedral proportions. The original cost was $133,734, its value being much enhanced at the present time. Bishop Simpson dedicated the church Nov. 17, 1867, during the pastorate of Dr. Buckley.

Notes.

— Dr. Chaffee, of Minnesota, is one of the very useful men of the Committee. He does not speak often, but when he does he invariably has the attention of every one present. He looks like Senator John Sherman.

— "This nation is God's great missionary enterprise for the salvation of the world."— *Bishop McCabe.*

— "We have a great rich church behind us. I'm not speaking of the way we feel when the collection box is passed, but of the way I believe God will make us feel in the light of the judgment."— *Bishop Fowler.*

— One of the most impressive moments of the whole session was when the appropriation for Africa was made. As Bishop Newman said: "We are at the beginning of a new era for Africa." Bishop Hartzell moved the Committee powerfully.

— Wednesday afternoon from four to six o'clock the Methodists of the city tendered an elegant reception to the Committee. All the accompaniments of such an occasion were in evidence. The spacious chapel of Central Church was filled with a happy company of hosts and guests, and good-natured sociability reigned supreme.

— A very delightful reception was tendered the Committee and representatives of the Methodist press on Friday evening, from 5 to 7, by Bishop and Mrs. Ninde, at their elegant home in Detroit.

— Bishop Mallalieu is happy because the next meeting of the Bishops is to be held next May in New England. Providence is the city where the chief pastors will gather for their semi-annual consultation. Bishop Mallalieu has been designated by his colleagues to make all necessary arrangements in their behalf.

— Mr. Alden Speare, our own New England lay member of the Committee, is second to no layman in the influence that his brief but concise and ever conservative speeches have upon his colleagues. The attendance of such men as Mr. Speare, men of affairs and with large business interests on their hands, speaks loudly of a practical piety and honest consecration.

— A familiar face beamed and a hearty voice spoke welcome when we alighted from the train Wednesday morning. It was New England's Dr. George Whitaker, now pastor of the Lincoln Avenue Church in Detroit. He came two or three years ago from far-off Oregon, where for a time he had been engaged in educational and pastoral work. Now he has a good church of 350 members, and is successfully preaching with his well known fluency to attentive congregations. His younger son left only last week for Singapore, to take a position as teacher in the Anglo-Chinese school.

Methodist Journalism at the Committee Meeting.

A number of the papers of our church were represented by their editors.

There is that keen-eyed, open-faced, silver-haired and eloquent-spoken man — and who is he? Dr. D. H. Moore of the *Western*.

Near him, a little older in years, but twin-hearted, vigorous, breezy — for he has lived in Chicago for a quarter of a century — is Dr. Arthur Edwards of the *Northwestern*.

From St. Louis hails Dr. Jesse Bowman Young of the *Central*. He wears a Grand Army button on his coat lapel, but was one of the youngest of the "boys in blue." His book called, "What a Boy Saw in the War," is now in its twentieth thousand, making it one of the best subscription books ever published by our Book Concern. He makes one of the sprightliest and withal one of the highest-toned papers in the church. To do this is by no means a small undertaking. Too often, to be interesting is to be cheap. Not so with Dr. Young.

Near by is Dr. Albert J. Nast of the *Christliche Apologete*. He is the son of his father, which means much, for to be so closely related to Dr. Wm. Nast, founder of German Methodism, bestows great honor and entails large responsibility. Though to most of us he speaks in an unknown tongue, he is of a kindred spirit with all.

The *Michigan Christian Advocate*, an independent journal like our own HERALD, is represented by Rev. J. E. Jacklin.

The *Gospel in All Lands* has Rev. Geo. Heber Jones, a missionary from Korea, reporting for its pages. Enough praise has been bestowed on this publication at this meeting to turn the

[Continued on Page 13.]

AYER'S
THE PILL THAT WILL
PILLS
CURE
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
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. . . OR A . . .

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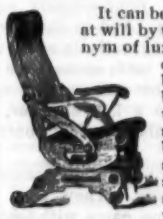

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1-4 DOZ. CREME OATMEAL TOILET SOAP	.25	1 PACKET SPANISH ROSE SACHET	.20
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The Family.

IN NOVEMBER.

Minnie Leona Upton.

The autumn splendor waneth,
The breeze through bare boughs plaineth,
O'er field and wood we vainly seek the flowers we loved the best;
Each dull, brief day hath ending
In mist and darkness blending,
As, veiled in sombre clouds, the sun sinketh adown the west.

Garden, so quiet lying,
Where erst the birds were flying,
And all the radiant days were filled with fragrance and with song,
Low where the frost flakes glisten,
I lean my ear and listen
To myriad voices quiring sweet: "Patience — 'twill not be long!"

Elm, with broad boughs outsweeping,
Once springtime's flood was leaping
Along thy veins and every twig seemed sentient with joy;
Dost thou that joy remember
Now in this drear November?
"'Remember?' Nay, I *have* it still unchanged, without alloy!

"Life was the flood that filled me,
Life was the joy that thrilled me,
Beneath, above, in earth and air, in all my being rife;
Yet without stint or measure,
I have and hold the treasure —
Working or waiting, swift or still — the priceless treasure, life!"

The autumn splendor dieth —
What then? A voice repleth:
"'Tis but the leafage and the husk that crumble into dust;
For aye through deathlike seeming
Life's quenchless spark is gleaming.
Courage, true heart, nor loose thy hold on faith and hope and trust!"

Boston, Mass.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Our dreams are but the mirrors of ourselves;
We shape in thought what soon we dress in deeds,
And what we daily do within the heart,
We grow to be.
— *H. Bernard Carpenter.*

* * *

Pluck out of suffering the glory that is shut up in it; and may it be said of each one of you, "Because of the joy set before him, he endured the cross." — WILFRED MONOD, in "He Suffered."

* * *

We must not spend all our lives in cleaning our windows, but in sunning ourselves in God's blessed light. That light will soon show us what still needs to be cleansed, and will enable us to cleanse it with unerring accuracy. — *Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

* * *

"Every hour," says Faber, "comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back." Is not this a thought of comfort? That nothing happens by chance. That God is always planning for us, as well as providing for our needs; that our want is our prayer; that He knows what is appointed for each of His children. Soft rests the head that is pillowed on this conviction that God loves, God sees, God cares, God knows. — *Margaret E. Sangster.*

* * *

As when a man descends slowly into some dark mine and carries a taper in his hand, and knows that so long as the flame of that taper burns bright and clear, so long the atmosphere he breathes is safe; but as he gets lower the flame begins to contract and to grow pale, and then to waver, and at last, as the foul fog-damps surround and imprison it, expires with a foul breath of sickening fume; even so it is, alas! with him who, from the sunlight of God's countenance, descends deeper and deeper — with conscious self-surrender, with willing guilt, with impotent because with unresisting will — into the deep, dark underground of a besetting sin. — *Canon Farrar.*

* * *

What matters it? — a few years more,
Life's surge so restless heretofore
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here,
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere.

Before no work of mortal hand,
Of human will or strength, expand
The pearl gates of the Better Land;

Alone in that great Love which gave
Life to the sleeper of the grave,
Resteth the power to "seek and save."
— *Whittier.*

* * *

Should the plain complain that it is not Mt. Blanc? Should the river deplore that it is not a Niagara? The most easy roads, and those most favorable to travel, are not over mountains; the steamboat sails with the greatest safety on rivers that do not dash over a precipice. Nine-tenths of all the work in the world is done by what we call commonplace people. . . . We should believe that there is a grand and noble purpose in our lives, for God's hand is upon them. Our lives are for the most part commonplace, but let us be patient during these uneventful seasons, knowing that God is preparing us for some plan or purpose in the future. When our characters have enlarged and developed, God will bring us into a larger place. — *Rev. George A. Paull.*

* * *

There is a very effective saying, "One man with God makes a majority." It is well to follow out the thought; the size of the majority and the influence it exerts does not depend upon the greatness of the man, the brilliancy of his gifts, or the advantage of a high social position. It depends upon the extent of his union with God. The weakest and the humblest may have a power above the strongest and the most exalted if the surrender of the will is more complete. And this is the secret, and the only secret, of *heaven every day* to any soul. What we seek will not be the happiness of heaven, but the usefulness of those whose meat it is to do the will of the Father. Then happiness will come as an inevitable fruit. Cares and anxieties will be merged in an unfaltering trust, and the realities of eternal life will be ours. — THEODORE F. SEWARD, in "Heaven Every Day."

* * *

My Father, help me to realize the gain of my losses! I speak of the silver lining in the cloud; teach me that the cloud itself is the silver lining of my life. My life is colorless until Thy cloud comes. It is in the moment of departure that I recognize my angel; the wings are revealed in the act of disappearing. Men say Thou art manifested by what Thou givest; I think Thou art more manifested by what Thou withdrawest. The veil is never so rent from my heart as in the hour when Thou claimest back Thine own. Thy gift becomes most glorious when Thou coverest it with Thy hand; it is expedient for me that my Christ should go away. Thy gifts are too near me to be seen by me. Therefore, Thou hast sent a cloud over the mountain of radiance. Thou hast trained my love by loss; Thou hast educated my faith by shadow; Thou hast taught me morning by night. Thou hast made me to stretch out my hands to clasp that which was unfelt before. Thou hast hid Thyself behind the curtain, that I may learn to cry for Thee. I basked at first in Thee, like an unconscious flower; Thy winter broke the flower, and made me a man. I woke to thee by the blast of my own wailing — the wailing for an absent joy. I could not take Thy blessing till it had departed for a while. — *Rev. George Matheson, D. D.*

THE WRECK.

Frank H. Sweet.

ALL night long the storm raged along the shore; and the great, white-capped waves sprang across the beach and hurled themselves remorselessly against the outlying dunes. And in the morning, when the clouds rolled sullenly away to the southwest, and the birds came from their hiding places, and the mad revelry of the sea died away into a low murmur, there was a long, black hulk lying half buried in the sand.

After awhile a group of men came and examined it critically. Then they went away, and other men came with tools and ropes and great, lumbering teams, and the masts were unstepped and carried off; and the rigging, and the iron-work, and all the furnishings of choice wood were removed, piece by piece, and taken away. Then relic hunters came in search of mementos of the disaster; and, after them, fishermen and clamdiggers, and their wives and children; and when they went away they carried pieces of rope and small cordage which could be used in mending nets, and armfuls of panels and door-casings for fuel, and bolts and nails and small bits of metal which possibly might be of some use some time.

After that there was a period of quietness, during which the wreck was left to the soft lapping of the waves, and the wind, and the constant sifting of the fine beach sand.

Then a venturesome swallow flew through one of the port-holes, and soon after emerged in a flutter of excitement. Friends were informed of his discovery, and presently there was a carrying to and fro of straw and other building material. A few more days, and there were nests on the cross-beams and among the shattered ribs, and the dreary monotone of the sea was relieved by the calling and twittering of many birds.

And down under the sides of the wreck another kind of colonization was going on. Crabs and snails, and many curious pioneers from the dunes and the sea, were tunneling and digging and planning queer little homes and nests. Great banks of seaweed drifted in behind the wreck, and in its cozy recesses was a busy world of minute life.

As the weeks went by sunshine and rain beat upon the wreck, and the paint and varnish were lost in dull, neutral tints. Then the hot weather came, and yachts began to appear off the shore, and summer tourists walked back and forth on the beach. Some of them were artists, and they brought sketch books and umbrellas and dainty little camp-stools. And they spoke enthusiastically of the wreck, and made pictures of it and sent them away to the grand salons.

During the next winter there were many storms, and the wreck sank deeper and deeper. Sand drifted and whirled about it, and sifted through the port-holes and hatchways, and through the long, widening cracks on the decks. At the end of the third year only a few blackened ribs showed above the sand. And then these disappeared, inch by inch, and the wreck became a thing of the past and was forgotten.

Peace Dale, R. I.

MRS. RAND'S OUTBREAK.

Lillian Grey.

"I DIDN'T mean to come to prayer-meetin' tonight. I ain't meant to all day. I tried to let the supper work an' other things hang around for a hinderment; but somehow everything seemed to git done out of the way. An' so when Mr. Rand said it was time to start for meetin', I was jest too tired an' listless to think up any other excuse, an' so I come on, without any desire or interest. An' I've set here kind o' restin' an' not payin' much attention to what was bein' prayed an' spoke, an' berried in my own thoughts, till what Brother Smith said roused me up an' nerved me to speak my mind for once an' all."

Mrs. Rand, a slender, frail woman, gripped her toil-scarred hands on the back of the pew before her, and went on in a subdued, but clear, intense tone, while her listeners fairly held their breath to catch every word.

"He says, says he, 'Why don't the sisters take holt an' help more in the prayer-meetin's than what they do?' He says they are growin' lukewarm an' lackin' in love an' zeal for the cause. He says they are stumblin' blocks in the way of a revival, an' they ought to be roused up to a sense of their duty. I ain't never had a deal to say in the meetin's at no time, but I feel moved to say a few plain words now. The hull truth of the matter is this: The sisters are all too tired an' beat out in body an' mind to have prayer-meetin's do 'em a mite of good. I don't re'ly suppose you'll think this is fittin' an' religious talk for sech a place as this; but it does appear to me that spiritual things is greatly dependent on temporal an' outside things; an' if one's body is all dragged down, the soul can't be very uplifted an' soarin'. An' that's the way 'tis with us farmers' wives; it's one continual grind to git along.

"Now this mornin' early I begun. It was half-past four when I got up, after a restless night with the heat an' bein' so tired I couldn't lay still; an' I thought of the long, hot hours ahead, an' it seemed as if I never could brace up an' meet 'em; but I went to work, mixin' bread, an' skimmin' milk, an' gittin' breakfast; then I seen to the poultry an' the churnin', an' picked beans an' dug potatoes for dinner, an' picked currants for tea, an' made pies an' cake, besides the regular work of dishes an' beds an' sweepin; an' it's jest the same every day, only worse when there's washin' an' ironin' an' cannin' fruit.

"There ain't never no time to set down, only to meals, an' then there's tea an' coffee to pour, an' folks to wait on, so that ain't no rest to speak of. An' it's not only me, but the farmer women in general have to do the same way. To be sure, the men have to git up early too, but they go right out in the cool fresh mornin', an' see the sunrise an' see the new-blown flowers an' hear the birds singin' so happy, an' it all heartens an' livens 'em up, an' they come in with good appetites to the breakfasts which the women folks have bent over a hot fire to cook, an' don't scarcely taste of themselves.

"Then there is always extra men hired when there's extra work, hayin' an' such like, but no extra help is provided to cook an' do for 'em. An' men always take a noon-spell — half an hour or more of rest — an' if there's a shower or a rainy day they lay off more or less; but a woman's labor never lets up for anything. Sometimes they plan an' hurry an' rush to git a spare hour to go to the village, as I did yesterday, 'cause the wagon was goin' anyhow, an' I wanted some things; but Mr. Rand said there wasn't no necessity for me to put myself out to go — he could see to the groceries; so I give up even that little diversion an' change. I ain't noways reflectin' on my husband, for he's as good as the general run o' men, an' in some ways better; but he's jest careless an' thoughtless, as men be. I don't know as I should have had courage to say all this if he was here to listen to me, but jest as we got here tonight he heard his cousin 'Lias was sick, so he went right over to see him.

"I don't know's I've got any more to say — mebbe you all think I've gone out of the way to speak as I have; but I don't feel willin' to be blamed, nor have my sisters blamed, for not bein' chirp an' wide-awake an' zealous. It ain't possible for poor, weak, human natur to be, under the circumstances; an' the dear Lord knows it ain't. I reckon He can an' will make allowance for us."

Faint with her stress of feeling and unusual effort, Mrs. Rand sat limply back in her seat, and in a moment her husband's voice filled the room: —

"I come in the rear door jest in time to hear what Mis' Rand said. It sort o' opened my eyes; an' come to consider it over, I'll own up that the sisters have got the hardest part, an' it ain't fair. An' I intend to have a change in my house, at any rate, from now on."

Brother Smith rose slowly to his feet: "I didn't mean to hurt nobody's feelin's. I hope you won't none of ye lay what I said up against me. Mebbe it may be the means of some good after all."

The minister nodded and smiled, and gave out the hymn beginning, "When I can read my title clear."

At the close of the service the sisters all crowded around little Mrs. Rand with words of thanks and approval. She hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, and ended by doing both. And the men hurried outside and talked about the weather and the crops.

But after that, one woman at least had help, and went to town when she chose; and when she spoke in meeting, confined herself strictly to spiritual matters.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The King's Daughters and Sons.

— The King's Daughters of Highland Park, Ill., have started a fund for the building of a Convalescent Hospital near Chicago.

— The Jennie Casseday Free Infirmary for Women, in Louisville, Ky., is owned, controlled and managed entirely by members of the Order of the King's Daughters and Sons. It has admitted patients from all parts of the United States, irrespective of color, nationality or creed. In the last year it has had 142 patients, and 114 operations were conducted with marked success.

— A Circle of the King's Daughters in Ames, Iowa, had a gala day, running "the motor" between the town and the Agricultural College. Engine and car were royally decorated, members of the Circle collected the fares, picnics and marshmallow toasts were arranged for on the beautiful campus, and the Circle treasury was by these means enriched to the extent of $63.

— A little child in Rhode Island, obliged to go to the hospital to undergo a painful operation, was made happier in her pain by the gift of a beautiful doll from the King's Daughters. A commodious doll house, completely furnished, was added by the King's Sons, and the little maid was thus able to beguile many otherwise weary hours.

— In Springfield, Ill., a Circle of the King's Daughters, all young girls, have completely furnished a room in the Old Ladies' Home, and the members take great pride and pleasure in the dear old lady who occupies their room.

— A new method of earning money comes from Valparaiso, Ind. The King's Daughters put their gentlemen friends to work sawing and splitting wood at an evening entertainment, significantly called a "muscle party." The young ladies tied the kindling, thus made, into bundles and peddled it through the city streets, the proceeds going to assist a young woman in failing health.

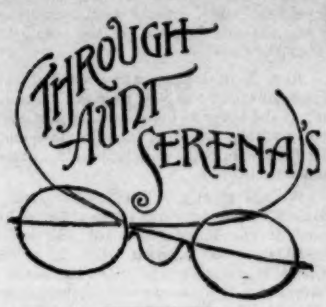
— One of the Connecticut Circles of the King's Daughters provides conveyance for taking aged and sick persons to church.

— A good idea, from Connecticut, is that of having a trained librarian address the Circles of the King's Daughters and Sons on good reading for the young.

— At the Blind Asylum in Hartford a class in current topics has been conducted by the King's Daughters, greatly to the interest of the inmates.

— Some of the King's Daughters of New York State held a "bee" for the purpose of putting a road, over which they traveled to church, in good condition. The gentlemen were invited to do the work and were afterward provided with refreshments by the ladies.

— The King's Daughters of Mariners' Harbor, N. Y., gave an outing to twenty-five little ones from the Five Points Mission. Some of those waifs had never seen the country before, and were both surprised and delighted that they were permitted to walk on the grass.



LOW-LYING, scudding, steel-gray clouds; a keen northeast wind that pierces to the marrow and leaves a salty taste in the mouth; gaunt tree-limbs swaying against the sullen sky; dry leaves rustling underfoot and whirling about in the blast; a frost-blighted garden filled with blackened stalks, save where a late, hardy chrysanthemum bravely lifts its face — who is not familiar with such drear November days here in New England? — days when it requires an effort sometimes to resist the gloom and depression that are lying in wait to assail us. But the short, dull days have their compensations in the increased brightness and cheer indoors. The early lighting of the lamps, the opportunity for reading and study afforded by the long evenings, the many avenues in church and benevolent work in which one may become actively useful, and the access of health and energy imparted by the frosty weather, offset the glory and languor of the summer. And if we are busy in our work, throwing real heart into it, there is little time left for repining.

* * *

HOW rapidly the year is waning! How hard to realize that the Thanksgiving festival is again so near! To some it will come in unclouded joy — an unbroken family will once more gather around the familiar table. In *other* homes — Oh, the vacant chairs! Only one short year ago, and the dear one — father or mother, husband or wife, brother or sister, or little child — was with us; and the hot tears will blind the eyes, and the voice choke with uncontrollable emotion, as we take seats at the Thanksgiving board and look across for the dear face that will never appear there again. But for the sake of others, especially the little people, sorrow must be repressed as much as possible on this glad day of praise to God for His benefits. And for even the most crushing bereavement — though you may not believe it now — there is consolation. The Father does not leave us comfortless — can you not rest on His promises? The dear one is not lost — only gone away a little before you to that Blessed Country

> "Where loyal hearts and true
> Stand ever in the light,
> All rapture through and through
> In God's most holy sight."

From the tent whose "curtain ever outward swings," we, too, "some sweet day" shall step into the other world where so many of our loved ones are, "no more to go out forever." Meanwhile, in these days of loss and grief and separation our compassionate Master is close beside us, comforting and at the same time compelling us to see that there is still much to live for — that our baptism of sorrow may be the key in our hand for unlocking the sealed entrance to many a despondent and desperate heart. So do not allow the beautiful Thanksgiving anniversary to pass unbrightened by a single smile or thankful thought.

> "We sit beside the lower feast today,
> They at the higher.
> Our voices falter as we bend to pray;
> In the great choir
> Of happy saints they sing, and do not tire."

* * *

I wonder how many of my readers have their Christmas gifts all bought and labeled. Do I hear a derisive shout of laughter? Well, such a feat is possible, I suppose, but, I am sorry to say, I have never accomplished it. Every summer I solemnly resolve that I will begin the first of September and purchase all my presents before Thanksgiving; but every year I am sure to find myself in the midst of the Christmas rush, with only a few trifles laid away. This year I have improved in that line somewhat, and because of this I wish to jog some of the procrastinators and help to make Christmas less of a burden. For no one can deny that it is a burden when one has to select gifts helter-skelter in the surging crowd, and find that you have bought the wrong thing for your best friend, after all, too late to exchange it. Where there are a number of persons in a family, it is a good plan for each member to write a list of things specially desired, and out of the assortment the others can choose what they will give, thus avoiding duplication. Of course if one can think of something the person greatly longs for, but has not jotted down, the surprise will be delightful. It is so much wiser to give to our friends articles they really want than to select at random, some fragile, useless bit of bric-a-brac which may prove so inharmonious in your friend's scheme of decoration that it will be an eyesore ever afterward. If presents are to be given, do, I beg of you, plan that each shall be suited to the recipient.

I think altogether too much money — and good temper — is squandered in our present method of observing Christmas. People give lavishly who can ill afford it — who have to actually deprive themselves of the necessaries of life for weeks afterward — in order to meet the expectations of their relatives and friends. Somehow it is all wrong. The true spirit of the day is lost sight of — we almost forget whose birthday we are celebrating, in our rush and hurry and competition. A simpler Christmas, with less money spent in extravagant show, and more in relieving the poor and distressed (not in the slums only, but close by our own door mayhap), would certainly be more pleasing in the sight of Him who was born in a manger centuries ago on that first Christmas, and who during His earthly life went about doing good. Do not imagine for a moment that I would abolish our lovely custom of gift-making. I am only protesting against the commercial give-and-take spirit that has crept in, and the actual waste of money. Unless *love* enwraps the gift, it is not worth receiving, however costly. Remember,

> "The gift without the giver is bare."

* * *

FROM week to week the Editor has kindly allowed Aunt Serena space on his page in which to acknowledge the sums that have been sent in for the telephone for the Deaconess Hospital. How can I thank all the dear, generous-hearted people who have helped to make the telephone *un fait accompli*? If you could each see for yourself how helpful it is to the Hospital authorities, I think you would feel repaid for any sacrifice involved in your gift. The other day a physician telephoned at five o'clock in the afternoon to see if the Hospital could admit a patient. The preliminaries were settled in a few moments, and in less than two hours the young man, a student away from home, was safely tucked up in one of the Hospital beds; and he said to Miss Lunn, with his homesick heart in his eyes: "I am so glad to be here where the people seem so willing to take care of me." The new telephone's first message, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" was spoken to Mrs. J. W. Cushing, of Brookline, the treasurer of the Deaconess Home and Hospital. A complete list of the names of the givers has been forwarded to the treasurer, the contributions reaching the handsome sum of $125 — five dollars more than asked for. But every penny will be devoted to the telephone, as the surplus and any rebate on calls will help out on next year. There was one $20 donation, and two $10, one $7.30, one $6.70, five $5, eleven $2, and twenty-four $1 gifts. To one and all, in the name of the Deaconess Hospital, most grateful acknowledgment is made by

AUNT SERENA.

THE THINNING RANKS.

The day grows lonelier; the air
Is chillier than it used to be.
We hear about us everywhere
The haunting chords of memory.
Dear faces once that made our joy
Have vanished from the sweet home band,
Dear tasks that were our loved employ
Have dropped from out our loosened hand.

Familiar names in childhood given
None call us by, save those in heaven.
We cannot talk with later friends
Of those old times to which love lends
Such mystic haze of soft regret;
We would not, if we could, forget
The sweetness of the bygone hours,
So priceless are love's faded flowers;
But lonelier grows the waning day,
And much we miss upon the way
Our comrades who have heard the call
That soon or late must summon all.

Ah, well! the day grows lonelier *here*.
Thank God, it doth not yet appear
What thrill of perfect bliss awaits
Those who pass on within the gates!
O dear ones who have left my side,
And passed beyond the swelling tide,
I know that you will meet me when
I too shall leave these ranks of men
And find the glorious company
Of saints from sin forever free,
Of angels who do always see
The face of Christ, and ever stand
Serene and strong at God's right hand.

The days grow lonelier, the air
Hath waftings strangely keen and cold,
But woven in, oh, glad, oh, rare,
What love-notes from the hills of gold!
Dear crowding faces gathered there,
Dear blessed tasks that wait our hand,
What joy, what pleasure shall we share,
Safe anchored in the one home-land!

Close up, O comrades, close the ranks!
Press onward, waste no fleeting hour!
Beyond the outworks, lo! the banks
Of that full tide, where life hath power,
And Satan lieth underfoot,
And sin is killed, even at the root.
Close up, close fast the wavering line,
Ye who are led by One divine!
The day grows lonelier apace,
But heaven shall be our trysting-place.

— MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Congregationalist*.

BEAUTY IS HEART DEEP.

"BEAUTY is but skin deep." That is a skin-deep saying. Beauty is heart deep. It is out of the heart we desire it. It is out of the heart it grows. This is not a mere saying like the other. It is the fact and secret that we are eager to penetrate. There is, indeed, a skin-deep beauty; a mere unearned, unlived, bodily inheritance; but out of some heart, through some life-earning, it must always have been originated and evolved. The grandest beauty may wait, its secret glory not shown forth, for a lifetime; covered in with a plain, even ungainly, exterior, as a noble building is roughly boarded up while it is being carefully wrought to its perfection. Many a woman goes through the world like this. Or the true beauty may be so tender in its beginnings that it needs to be hidden, shielded — not made sign of before its time — lest it should be spoiled and perish in the exposure. So the final heritage waits, while a present outer poverty is permitted, which, like the opposite condition, may have come down through some strain of ancestry; the outer betrayal of a far-back, inner want. Of such waiting, a little further on, a wonderful loveliness may be born. A plain woman, with beauty in her soul, has often been the mother of a marvelously beautiful child. . . . . Beauty is a seed in the nature. It will germinate, bud, leaf out, blossom. If the beauty is inside you, and alive, you will — sometime, somewhere — be a form of beauty. How else did God make out of His own beautiful thought the beautiful world? You have only got to live, love on and wait. You shall have your birthright. Certain of this, will you care if even it does not wholly come to you within the threescore years and ten? When you come of age you shall possess your estate. Only — never barter it away for a mess of pottage you happen to be hungry for. — MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

H. I. H. PRINCESS CH'UN.

Mother of the Chinese Emperor.

Mrs. S. L. Gracey.

MANY of the papers of the United States have fallen into a not unnatural mistake in supposing that the death of the Emperor's mother must necessarily mean the Empress Dowager. The *London Times* fell into the same error. The *facts*, as given by the *North China Herald*, dated July 20, are as follows: —

On Friday morning, July 17, a despatch was published in Peking announcing the serious illness of H. I. H. Princess Ch'un, consort of the late Prince Ch'un, parents of the Emperor Kuang-hsü; and also stating that the Dowager Empress, Emperor and Empress had been paying several calls upon the Princess in consequence. On Saturday, July 18, an edict was received announcing, with deep regret, the death of the Princess, at about eight o'clock. The Emperor stated in his edict that he had "received the Empress Dowager's special commands to acknowledge H. I. H. Yê-hô-na-la, Princess Ch'un, to be our own mother, and we are to go through the mourning ceremonies required of a son in the same manner done by us upon the occasion of H. I. H. the late Prince Ch'un, our father, in reverent compliance with the sacred instructions of our forefathers, who preceded us." In another edict the Emperor pays his mother the tribute of being "when in life possessed of a love of harmony between the members of the imperial house, and characteristics in which are blended all the virtues of probity and chastity and a serene nature insomuch that not a single member of the imperial house but reverently looked up to her highness as an example of goodness. Furthermore, her highness' household was the model of good family government, and when the Prince was alive the Princess was his helper in all matters."

Upon the receipt of the news of his mother's death the Emperor went at once to her palace to worship the remains, taking a *To-lo* ("prayer coverlet") with him, the gift of the Empress Dowager to the deceased Princess. These prayer coverlets are granted as special gifts, by the Emperor only, to the highest personages in the empire, and are used as a shroud, the possession of which "enables the spirit of the deceased to enter Hades without being subjected to punishment for past sins."

The funeral of the mother of the Emperor took place on the 18th of July. The place of burial is to the west of the summer palace, in a beautiful spot among the hills.

Each day the Emperor has continued to preside over the affairs of state, only discharging the ceremonies of the home after the duties of the empire have been performed.

We may mention here, incidentally, that the deceased Princess seldom, if ever, interfered in state affairs after the death of her husband who, on the other hand, although he did not openly accept office until after the disgrace of his elder brother, Prince Kung, was always a power behind the throne after the accession of his infant son, Kuang-hsü. The Empress Regent never omitted to consult with Prince Ch'un upon all important matters of state in deference to his being the Emperor's father.

Princess Ch'un did not belong to the same class of Manchus as the present Empress Dowager, and was not her blood relation.

The latest advices from China (Sept. 25) state that the Empress Dowager left Peking to take up her residence at the summer palace in Eho Park, on the 30th of August. The princes and ministers of the Emperor's court prostrated themselves outside the west gate of Peking in farewell to the imperial *cortège*, and H. I. M. the Emperor paid the same honor to his imperial aunt at the Yinghsiu gate of the palace.

That the life of this remarkable woman, the Empress Dowager Tzu, who for a generation has been the leading figure in the Chinese Empire, has been thus far preserved, is a cause for gratitude. To her powerful influence is attributed much of the progress which China has made towards modern ideas. As one of our renowned educators, who has spent many years in mission work in China, has well said, the Empress Dowager was one of the far-seeing ones. Her mind was one of the very first to grasp the problem of the relation of the Middle Kingdom to foreign powers. Spotless in character, benevolent in life, thrifty and economical with the national resources as well as her own, she has been from the year 1861 until 1889 (when the boy Emperor married and assumed imperial dignity) virtual ruler of China. Even yet she is the great power behind the Dragon throne. Today the Christians of China are earnestly praying that the Holy Bible so graciously received by Her Majesty may bring blessing and salvation to her and to all the household of the imperial palace; that the words of the Psalmist may be realised: "The entrance of Thy word giveth light;" and that "life and immortality may be brought to light through the Gospel," even within the "forbidden city" in China.

Lynn, Mass.

Boys and Girls.

A GAME OF TAG.

A grasshopper once had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe, and over he went
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaned up against a fence,
And laughed till their sides were sore;
But the grasshopper said, "You are laughing at me,
And I shan't play any more."

So off he went, though he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by his fall;
And the gay little crickets went on with the game,
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes,
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is!
Why, he's bit off his own little nose."

— *Anon.*

JACK RABBIT'S WINTER SUIT.

Annie Hamilton Donnell.

LITTLE Jack Rabbit is rather a dude. He's not at all content to wear his summer clothes all the year round — oh, dear me, no! He must have something quite new and fine to put on when the snowflakes begin to fly and the brown leaves and brown earth are tucked up under their winter bed-quilt.

Some beautiful frosty morning he pops his head out of his burrow and takes a look at the weather and sniffs the keen air. Yes, it is high time to be thinking about a winter suit. Tomorrow the snow may be melting on his long ears and on his soft little furry back. No time to be lost! The other members of the Rabbit family must not get ahead of him.

So away goes little Jack Rabbit to his tailor, or, rather, tailoress. Her name is Dame Nature, and she is famous far and wide for her perfect work. She never has to baste and try on and let out and take in. The very first time she puts on a suit it fits, without a wrinkle or a pucker. If she were not a very modest lady indeed, she would hang out her sign on the oak-trees and alder bushes — "Dame Nature, Dressmaker and Tailoress. Good fits warranted."

She's a wise woman, too, and always advises her customers to use just the most becoming and suitable colors. Jack Rabbit takes her advice thankfully enough. You see, it has often and often saved his life, besides quite satisfying his fastidious taste. The pretty winter suit is soon fitted — made of warm, furry goods almost as white as the snow, not quite. The "nap" is much longer than that of the worn-out summer clothes, to keep little Jack Rabbit's bones warm.

Would you like to know why Dame Nature always advises a white suit for his winter wearing and a brown one for summer — the color of dry leaves and brush and tree-trunks? Why, you see, Jack Rabbit, poor little fellow, has a big enemy who goes about with a gun and longs to take him home, limp and lifeless, over his shoulder, to boil in the pot for dinner. But the little brown suit is so much like the trunks of the trees and the underbrush, in summer, and the white suit so like the snow, in winter, that Jack Rabbit can keep very still and not attract the big enemy's attention. That is how kind-hearted Dame Nature saves his life so often with her wise advice. No wonder Jack Rabbit patronizes her always when he wants a new suit of clothes!

Kent's Hill, Me.

Children's Sayings.

— *Mother:* "What is the matter, my dear? Why are you crying?"
Harry (between sobs): "I left my m'lasses candy on that chair, and the descon's a-settin' on it."

— A little four year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping car. Awaking once in the middle of the night, his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Course I do," he replied, "I'm in the top drawer."

— A six-year old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's; with a little round hole at the top."

— *First Boy:* "My papa knows more than your papa does."
Second Boy: "I bet he doesn't. Did you ever see my papa? His forehead reaches 'way to the back of his head."

Editorial.

WEAK KNEES.

IF a horse's knees are weak so that he stumbles at small obstacles and is apt to trip and fall at the most unlooked-for moments, his value is greatly impaired. One would scarcely care to have, even as a gift, a steed burdened with this serious blemish. And men thus faulty are similarly discounted. However honest they may be, and amiable, however well-meaning and otherwise virtuous, if they do not stand firmly upon their legs, they are of little use in times of greatest need. If their knees smite one against another, as Belshazzar's did, and are "weak as water," like those in Ezekiel's vision, whenever confronted by special difficulties, then, alas! for such as trust in them. Knees bowing in prayer to God are beautiful, but knees that bite the dust in fear of man because of cowardice are contemptible.

It is not of such that Gideon's bands are made, but of those that stand upright, even though no enemy be distinctly visible or immediately at hand. They stand against the winds of popular favor, braced all the more firmly when the gale is rough. They stand in evidence that no danger can daunt or dismay true manliness, and that there is something more to be prized than human applause. The head may bend, a token of humility and fit courtesy, but the knees never. Such feebleness God rebukes and men despise. There is far too much of it both in Church and State, in private walks and public life. Strength in the knees is one of the main marks to be looked for in choosing men for posts of moral peril or heroic endeavor.

LAME FEET.

THE lame excite our pity, and have a natural right, it is commonly held, to expect our aid. The Apostle bids us take heed to our ways and straighten our paths that the twisted or shattered feet of the weaker brother may not be incommoded. Consideration is called for on our part, if we are whole, toward those who are not quite integral. Certainly there is a duty here, too, seldom regarded. Can it ever be emphasized enough? Power undoubtedly imposes obligation, and they who cast it off with the careless, defiant, cruel cry, "Am I my brother's keeper?" are something less than men.

But how if the cripple has gained his incompleteness by his own crimes? How if the feet that compel him to limp where once he ran are simply the abiding evidence that he made evil use of the powers with which he was originally and most generously endowed. Does this not, of necessity, somewhat alter our feelings toward him, and our duty? Are we bound to greatly put ourselves out that the penalty of his sin may be made as light as possible? Is it not the duty of every man to take good care of his own feet, and use all proper precautions to keep them from becoming lame? God has attached punishment to the infringement of His laws, that we may the better learn to obey. And however difficult it may be for us, with our fallible human judgments, to say when the lameness which we see in our neighbor is a sin and when merely an innocent infirmity, there is no doubt that the closest possible scrutiny of the road on our own part is in order, that we dash not needlessly our foot against some misplaced or even some serviceable necessary stone.

LIMP BACKBONES.

FOR an animal to be without a backbone is an unmistakable degradation. It lowers him sadly in the scale of being. It takes away his brain and spinal cord, things that not only indicate high respectability of descent, but impart power of thought and personal influence. Even birds and fishes, claiming kinship through their backbones with the other vertebrates, their cousins, man and his four-footed friends, look down a long way to the insignificant worms and snails and clams and polyps. Great is backbone! None can dispute its supremacy in the physical kingdom.

In the moral kingdom it is no less puissant and much more infrequent. How plentiful are mollusks and other inferior classes of men, whose backbones seem, by some strange oversight, to have been omitted, or at least so imperfectly formed as to be of little use! They are flabby and flimsy, soft and spongy, compelled to depend for support on whatever is nearest. Withdraw their props and they tumble. A very slight push sends them over. It is pitiful to see their helpless condition.

Yet pity must be mixed with condemnation so far as we are convinced it is not so much a natural inability as an acquired depravity. Moral courage can certainly be cultivated. Steadfastness and stability of purpose will increase if the right means are used. Irresolution, so fatal to achievement, so undignified and disgusting, is not always a disease, it is frequently a disgrace. It is closely allied with that selfishness which considers first, last, and all the time, its own interests and gains, its own place, position and comfort. It merits rebuke. It should be striven against and thrust under foot. Happy and honor-worthy they who have bravery enough to speak the truth and do the right regardless of personal consequences! When the love of God takes full possession of the soul, it lifts the feeblest above fear and fills the heart with manliest resolution. Such an one will stand straight as well as enter in through the strait gate which leadeth unto life.

Christianity and Islam.

"BY their fruits shall ye know them" was the crucial test of the Divine Master. No religious system is ever so severely tried as when measured by the influence it exerts on its adherents. Genuine religion dispenses truth that will endure the advance of knowledge and exert a salutary and elevating influence on its disciples. A religion with a bad record of results can with ill grace lay claim to divine origin. A spiritual and elevating religion finds its best credentials in itself. In speaking the other day to the students of Boston University School of Theology, Dr. Hoskins, a former student in the University and long a missionary in India, took for his theme, "The Comparative Influence of Christianity and Islam on the People of India." The lecture was suggestive and helpful in the study of comparative religion, to which the learned president of this institution has given much attention. The facts he brings as illustrative of his science are full of encouragement to those engaged in the work of Christian missions. The pure Gospel everywhere wins in the long run. Islam has had the advantage of time and opportunity in India; but it has fallen behind in the race so far as to make recovery impossible.

In 1001 A. D. Islam conquered India and held undisputed sway down to 1530 A. D., when Portugal entered the field and was replaced by England in 1757 A. D. For over seven hundred years Islam really held supreme power in the Peninsula. Since 1757 England has acquired supreme control of three-fifths of India and the native princes holding the other two-fifths are completely swayed by English influence. Islam has had the ground four times as long as Christianity. What has each done for the people? The lecturer touched a few vital points which brought out the sharp contrast between the two systems. Islam holds some truths in common with other religions, as for instance the unity of God and the immortality of the soul. But even these great truths are held in a corrupted form. God is viewed as a being of arbitrary power and angry with the creatures He has made. He can be placated only by the intercession of His Prophet and the penances and services of the Mohammedan ritual. Hence a blissful immortality can be reached only through the machinery of Islam. Mohammed guards the gate to Paradise; he alone can open and shut. The Catholic has placed Mary at the gate; the Mohammedan, a harder faith, entrusts the entrance to the Prophet. Islam is a religion of forms and ceremonies; men are to be saved by the observance of the ritual rather than by a change of heart. Islam appears never to have got far enough inside to find whether man had any heart or interior life. Though Islam abnegates the law of caste, it has degraded the people. Woman is held in no honor — is treated as a bond-maid rather than a wife. The polygamy prevailing among them has always been a raw and savage system. In one province one-third of the women were cast-off wives, and the condition of cast-off wives and widows among them is deplorable in the extreme. It is a curious fact that the Mohammedans are extremely poor — the poorest of the poor in India — and they are rapidly descending to lower depths of poverty. When in power, they were kept in fair condition by appropriating what others had earned, but after England came into power that method came to an end. If the Mohammedan gets money now he has to earn it, and he has never learned to get it in that way. Silver coinage even has not seemed to help him.

But for Christianity the lecturer made a better record. Christianity has announced the brotherhood of man, contrasting strikingly with the doctrine of caste which has so long dominated in India. The doctrine has been caught up by many men outside of the Christian Church. It is a new and revolutionary idea in India, and destined to exert a wide influence. The Fatherhood of God is a complementary truth almost utterly strange to the Mohammedan. Conscience is an unknown quantity in the Mohammedan world. Neither the word nor its equivalent is in any one of the scores of languages in India. The people did not know what it meant until introduced by the English, when they adopted for the newly-discovered faculty the English word. Christianity has brought to them, also, the doctrine of rights. Until the Gospel came, their rights were monopolized by the system. The subject had simply the right and obligation to obey. They are learning that the humblest of the people have rights as men. An assembly is held each year by the natives to discuss their rights to representation in the government. In the assembly English only is used, and the members have got as far as our Colonial fathers had gone in the town meeting. Christianity has enforced various political and social reforms. Marriage contracts are made early with the parents, and have often been consummated very early; but a recent law forbids the completion of any contract, or the assuming of any legal obligation in the matter, until the bride attains her thirteenth year.

Meantime Christianity has become widely diffused through the land. In another half-century the four millions of Christians now enrolled in the missions of the various societies will be sure to become fifty or a hundred millions.

In concluding, Dr. Hoskins quoted a few sentences from Sir Bartle Frere, long a high official in India, recognizing the rapid and sure advance of the Gospel among the Indian people. He claims that Christianity in the Peninsula is advancing with a rapidity and power unknown at any time among the nations of Europe. The avalanche has started, and its very magnitude will hasten the crisis and complete the revolution.

$3.50 Special Bible Offer.

THE following is an exact description of a Bible which will be sent to each new subscriber to ZION'S HERALD for one year, postage paid, cash to accompany each order. It is a genuine Oxford Teacher's Bible, with a complete list of new helps of over 300 pages, which affords a comprehensive and accurate guide to the study of the Scriptures; also maps and 124 full pages of plates. Bound in Egyptian seal, divinity circuit, round corners, gilt edges. Printed on the famous Oxford India paper, which is a rong, fine in texture, and opaque. It is claimed to be the best Biblical compilation published for teachers, ministers and students. The print is clear, and the size of the pages is 6¾ by 4¾ inches. The publisher's price is $2, and it is in every respect a perfect and beautiful Bible.

Personals.

— Rev. John D. C. Hanna succeeds Dr. T. Snowden Thomas as editor of the *Peninsula Methodist*.

— Evangelist Moody will commence special services in Boston, Jan. 1, and continue them for several weeks.

— During the session of the Board of Church Extension in Pittsburg Mrs. Annie E. Unger, of Pittsburg, presented the society with a check for $5,000.

— Rev. A. S. Maxham, formerly of the Vermont but now of Rock River Conference, was married, Nov. 6, to Miss Harriet Beatty, of Rockford, Ill.

— Rev. Dr. J. W. E. Bowen, of Gammon Theological Seminary, is to make an extensive trip through the South in the interest of the Stewart Missionary Foundation for Africa.

— Rev. C. A. Littlefield addressed the Providence Evangelization Union in Trinity Church, that city, Nov. 13, upon the work of the Boston City Missionary and Church Extension Society.

— President W. P. Thirkield of Gammon Theological Seminary has accepted the acting presidency of Clark University, without compensation, till a new president is elected.

— Rev. Dr. Robert McIntyre preached his first sermon from his new pulpit, St. James' Church, Chicago, Nov. 8. In response to his earnest appeal a net sum of $10,500 was subscribed toward the church debt.

— The *Northwestern* calls attention at length to the fact that among Presidential electors, this year, is a woman. Mrs. Sarah Malloy, who is among the elect in the new State of Wyoming, will be the first of her sex in the history of American politics to cast a ballot of the kind.

— The famous libel suit of Helen M. Gougar against Elijah A. Morse was dismissed in the United States circuit court of appeals in this city, last week, on motion of defendant's counsel, for want of prosecution. The result is that the verdict in the lower court for Mr. Morse is sustained.

— Mrs. Henry Chase, of Wentworth, N. H., in sending to this office an obituary of the late Deacon E. G. True, of the Freewill Baptist Church of that town, writes: "Deacon E. G. True, our nearest neighbor, has passed over the river. He has been a subscriber to your paper over forty-four years, and doubtless his widow will continue to take it, for it was a source of great comfort to them, and the papers have been treasured up; none were allowed to be used for unholy purposes."

— At a recent meeting of the official board of Tremont St. Church, this city, a series of resolutions was unanimously passed expressive of the tender and appreciative love of the church for the late Augustus Lothrop. He was the builder of the church edifice and for many years a devoted and faithful member of the church, giving liberally of his means for its maintenance; he was a man of rare musical ability and for several years, without remuneration, acted as organist and director of the music in the worship of the church.

— Rev. A. C. Godfrey, a revered and beloved superannuate of the New England Conference, died at the home of his son in Jamaica Plain on Friday night, the 13th. A suitable memoir of this good man will soon appear in these columns.

— We are greatly grieved to learn that Miss Hattie M. Rees, daughter of Rev. Dr. W. H. W. Rees, of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, died, Nov. 7, at Holly Springs, Miss., where she was a teacher in Rust University. The parents will receive the tender and prayerful sympathy of a multitude of friends in their deep bereavement.

— Mr. and Mrs. Albert R. Dyer, of Newton Centre, announce the marriage of their daughter, Grace Emery, to Mr. Edgar William Knight, of London, Saturday, Oct. 17. The ceremony was performed at the Parish Church, Wivelsfield, Haywards Heath, Sussex, Eng. The bride is a granddaughter of the late Rev. Edward Cooke, D. D.

— All denominations will rejoice with Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, in the happy and fitting celebration of the 50th anniversary of his pastorate, which began on last Sunday. He richly deserves all the honor which his own church and the larger Christian public shower upon him. A very distinguished and wholly honorable record has Dr. Storrs made for himself. He has been one of the few great men who has been fully equal to the greatest occasions.

— The *Michigan Christian Advocate* of last week observes: —

"Hon. Alden Speare, of Boston, member of the General Missionary Committee, is being entertained at the home of Mr. Geo. O. Robinson, Esq., president of the Methodist Publishing Co. These two active Methodists are brothers-in-law, and delight in comparing notes on the progress of Methodism east and Methodism west. Mr. Speare is one of the board of directors of ZION'S HERALD, and brought greetings to the *Advocate* office, which he visited on Tuesday."

— Rev. Dr. John Peate, of Greenville, Pa., a member of the Erie Conference, is making for the American University what will be the largest lens in the world, five feet and two inches in diameter. The Doctor has been laboring at this inexpressibly delicate task for a year and a half, and expects to be able to deliver the monster lens to the University perfectly made within the next six months. The work is remarkable both in conception and in execution, and will make the name of John Peate famous both in Methodist and in scientific annals. Doctor Peate is eighty years of age, hale and hearty.

— We are pained to learn of the decease of Rev. D. O. Ferris, D. D., which occurred suddenly on Sunday night at Bridgeport, Conn. Dr. Ferris was appointed to Summerfield Church in 1895. While conducting the services in his church on Sunday evening he was taken ill and was assisted to his home a short distance away, where he soon died. Dr. Ferris was a genial and cultivated Christian gentleman and in the years of his vigor and strength was an able and useful man in the ministry. In 1893 and '94 he resided in Wakefield and was often seen at the Book Room and at the Preachers' Meeting. He is tenderly and affectionately remembered among us.

— We are happy to announce that Rev. C. L. Goodell, pastor of First Church, Temple St., has arranged for another series of University sermons. These sermons were inaugurated by the pastor two years ago and have exerted a wide influence upon students in the city. The course will begin next Sunday night and the first sermon will be given by Prof. Geo. K. Morris, D. D., of Boston University. Other speakers are as follows: Nov. 29, Rev. S. L. Beiler, D. D., vice-chancellor of the American University, Washington, D. C.; Dec. 6, Rev. James R. Day, D. D., president of Syracuse University, N. Y.; Dec. 13, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, formerly president of Wellesley College.

Briefiets.

The Review of the Week for this issue will be found on page 13.

An unusually interesting and attractive program is prepared for the Boston Methodist Social Union for next Monday evening, the 23d, it being the occasion of the reception to Bishop Malialieu. As it is ladies' night, we advise our friends to secure reserved tickets for dinner at the earliest practicable moment. It is probable that the attendance will be unusually large.

We are happy to state that we shall resume next week the publication of the series from the pen of Prof. W. F. Davison, entitled: "Religious Thought and Life in the Old World."

The general public will be interested in the announcement that Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D. D., will address the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting at Wesleyan Hall, Nov. 23, on "Two Hundred and Fifty Years of Protestant Missions among the American Indians." Probably no one is so thoroughly informed upon this important subject as he. The public is invited to listen to this address.

With the more especial purpose of interesting and profiting our Epworth League readers,

we shall commence the publication at an early date of a series of editorial studies entitled respectively, "The Architects of Methodism," "Turning Points in Methodism," and "Danger Points in Methodism."

To continually behold the face of Jesus is certainly of all things the one most to be desired. And it comes to all who are capable of it. What finer object of a pure ambition can there be than just this — to become qualified for His constant and immediate presence? It may be our happy lot here as a blessed prelude to the beatific vision there. When His spirit abides within us so that we are thoroughly like Him, we shall perpetually see Him. Happy day!

It is stated that there are thirty-three colored lawyers, including one woman, who have been regularly admitted to the Illinois bar, and are now practicing their profession in Chicago with a fair degree of success.

Dorchester Church, this city, of which Dr. John Galbraith is pastor, will soon celebrate its eightieth anniversary. The entire program will be found on page 13.

If all the ministers of the New England Conference would do as well as a few are doing in securing new subscribers, we should make a satisfactory record, notwithstanding the hard times. Now that election is over, will not all of our ministers devote some time to the canvass for new subscribers to ZION'S HERALD?

The Freedmen's Aid Society in rearranging its securities can make use of a limited sum of money which will afford a perfectly safe investment. The security is not only the faith of the church, but many times the amount of the money in valuable real estate and other property. Rev. Dr. J. W. Hamilton, the Secretary, can be addressed for a week or ten days in care of Charles R. Magee, 38 Bromfield Street.

The Boston *Herald* is responsible for the following statements: —

"President Eliot appears to have astonished some of his hearers at the Twentieth Century Club by his statement that one of Harvard's most venerable dormitories was built by a lottery conducted by one of the richest men in Boston. There was nothing astonishing about that way of raising funds in the old days, however. Faneuil Hall was built in the same way."

These facts show that this proud Commonwealth shared heartily in all the current sins of "ye olden time" and furnish a good antidote to the large class of people who are always sighing for the return of the "good old days."

The *Watchman* thus expresses its opinion with characteristic freedom and good sense: —

"The Prohibitionists are simply sublime in their courageous interpretations of untoward events. Even after the party has been split in twain over the silver question, and its forces more utterly disorganized than ever before, some of its leaders claim that the Prohibition Party has made substantial advance. The simple truth is that the Prohibitionist Party has been frightfully mismanaged. It numbers in its ranks some of the best men in the country, but they have been constantly overruled by the visionaries. Think of the iniquity of making a support of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 a test of regularity in the Prohibition Party! We are not at all sure that the time is not ripe for a radical reconstruction of the party."

The University Senate of the Methodist Episcopal Church (see Discipline, ¶336 and Appendix 18) begins its second session in Evanston, Ill., on Thursday, Nov. 19. The college presidents of the church hold the annual meeting of the College Association on the Tuesday and Wednesday immediately preceding. An interesting program has been prepared. President Warren and Dean Bowne are both members of the Senate and will attend, and the former will also attend the meeting of the College Association. The two bodies are very helpful to each other.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, in her charming sketches of her own life in *McClure's Magazine*, pleads impressively for sympathy for the invalid, who cannot possibly endure that which the vigorous person may find a source of special delight. There is much practical wisdom in this note which she gives from a letter written to her by Oliver Wendell Holmes: —

"I find that a cold draught of air, a late supper, bad air, and perhaps I might add anything of any kind that fatigues, say rather bores, me, sets me all wrong, and wastes health and spirits for nothing. Few people enjoy better health than I do just so long as I am let alone and regulate my own habits; but when others want me to wear their shoes, how they do chafe and pinch! I think, if I am unsocial, it is quite as much by constitution as it is by any want of the social instinct, and I have learned to judge others very charitably in the study of my own weakness."

The General Executive Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, at its recent meeting at Rochester, appropriated for the coming year $327,309.45, an amount exceeding the disbursements of last year by $741. These amounts were apportioned to the different branches as follows: New England branch, $37,350; New York, $52,037.45; Pennsylvania, $35 200; Baltimore, $12,573; Cincinnati, $45,049; Northwestern, $80,000; Des Moines, $31,000; Minneapolis, $9,600; Topeka, $13,600; Pacific, $7,500; Columbia River, $3,400.

Charles H. Cross, of Montpelier, Vt., for a half-century one of the most generous and loyal supporters of Trinity Church and of all the work of Methodism, writes under date of Nov. 11: "I see much is said in the old new church about the Sacrament cup. It has been agitated in our own church for a long time. I have supped the emblem from the present cup for over sixty years and heard no complaints until the mustache became the fashion for ministers and laymen. Since then I hear much complaint. I think there would be no trouble if the ministers and laymen would shave off their mustaches. I think it is a sin for the ministers and laymen of the Methodist Church or any other church to partake of the emblem of our dying Lord with dirty mustaches. I hope the good sense of every Christian man will lead him to shave his upper lip, and in my opinion after that there will be no trouble with the present cup."

The *Richmond Christian Advocate* says, with much practical force: —

"Next to the pulpit, the church paper is the most powerful arm of Christian service. It is the valuable ally of the preacher. It is a home evangelist, needing no special room for its sermons. It can be read in the shop, kitchen, or parlor. It is an assistant pastor, making more visits than the pastor can. It contains reading that will interest every member of the family."

We very much regret that the annual meetings of the Freedmen's Aid Society, the Church Extension Society and the General Missionary Committee fall so closely together that we are unable to include full and prompt reports of the same in our columns. Of the $10,000,000 expended by our church in the South, since the war, $4,250,000 has been furnished by the Freedmen's Aid Society. It has 46 schools, with 8,396 students; 225 of these students are preparing for the ministry; nearly 1,500 for teachers; 300 for physicians; 2,000 for trades and industries. Receipts from all sources for the past year are $214,071.19 — a decrease of $86,574.66. Total decrease in Conference collections alone, during four years, have been nearly $75,000. The work has been so urgent and has so rapidly expanded that in but two years since the organization of the Society has it been possible to keep the expenses within the receipts. This indebtedness has grown year by year until now it aggregates $223,000. Yet, if all the churches had taken collections annually, there would be no debt. Five thousand societies last year took no collection; and 3,000 reported only one dollar each, which means that these, too, took no collection. The real estate of the Society is worth about $2,000,000. Ten per cent. is not a discouraging debt upon a property of that amount; yet the debt must be paid. Let no minister forget "Thanksoffering Sunday" (the Sunday following Thanksgiving) in the interest of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society. We are confident that if this supreme cause is properly represented to our churches, one and all, that every dollar of this distressing and limiting indebtedness will be paid.

At the recent annual meeting of the Church Extension Society it appeared that the last four years have been the most difficult in its history, since the first two of its organization. The revenues have suffered more than during any other period, especially in the Conference collections. They have declined from $158,940 27, in 1892, to $118,079.60, in 1896, or $40,860.67 in four years. The decline on the percentage of amounts asked has been from fifty-eight to thirty-eight per cent. This is but one of the many deplorable results of the general financial depression that has marked the period. It was voted to ask the church for $300,000 from collections, and the following apportionments were made to our patronizing Conferences: New England, $6,500; New England Southern, $3,500; New Hampshire, $1,800; Vermont, $1,200; Maine, $1,000; East Maine, $1,000. Pronounced action was taken against aiding churches that cost more than $10,000, and also in favor of sacredly protecting the Loan Fund for the purpose for which it was originally inaugurated.

THE MINISTER MUST KNOW HIS ENGLISH BIBLE.

RECENT reference was made editorially to the importance of ministerial intimacy with the Word of God as that which supplies the message, indicates the spirit, directs the aim, and suggests the method of the Christian pulpit. So vital is the subject — then only briefly glanced at — felt to be, that we take the earliest opportunity of returning to it. Even at this late day the religious world both within and without the Methodist fold continues to have a wholesome respect for the words of John Wesley, especially when they embody truths universally accepted and of vital and enduring consequence. Wesley's latest biographer, Telford, asserts that "he never wrote anything more lofty in its tone" than the following paragraph: —

"To candid, reasonable men I am not afraid to lay open what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought, I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit from God, and returning to God, just hovering over the great gulf; till a few moments hence, I am no more seen; I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing, the way to heaven, how to land safe on that happy shore. God Himself has condescended to teach the way; for this very end He came down from heaven. He hath written it in a book. Oh, give me that book! At any price give me the book of God! I have it; here is knowledge sufficient for me. Let me be *homo unius libri*. Here then I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In His presence I open, I read, His book for this end — to find the way to heaven. Is there any doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark or intricate? I lift my heart to the Father of lights: 'Lord is it not in Thy Word, If any man lack wisdom let him ask it of God? Thou givest liberally and upbraidest not. Thou hast said, If any man be willing to do Thy will, he shall know. I am willing to do; let me know Thy will.' I then search after and consider parallel passages of Scripture, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. I meditate thereon with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable. If any doubt still remains, I consult those who are experienced in the things of God, and then the writings whereby, being dead, they yet speak. And what I thus learn that I teach."

These words were penned on the occasion of the first of a series of visits which the great evangelist paid to the house of Mrs. Blackwell at Lewisham near London for the purpose of composing his sermons, which, together with his "Notes on the New Testament," constitute the standard divinity of Methodism. The paragraph is of special interest as showing Wesley's method of preparing his discourses, and as expressing in admirably pure and idiomatic English his view of the sovereign necessity and value of the study of the Bible to the preacher. It is true that Wesley studied the Word of God as an accomplished scholar. All he took with him into his retirement at Lewisham was his Hebrew Bible and Greek New Testament. It may be that a large portion, if not a majority, of those whom God callsto the ministry of His Word are obliged to content themselves with an acquaintance with the English Bible, not having had an opportunity at the outset to secure, nor sufficient time since to maintain, a critical and helpful knowledge of the original Scriptures. That, however, need not prove much of a drawback, and certainly cannot be urged as an excuse for imperfect acquaintance with the Sacred Volume. According to his latest biographer, Dr. Wright of Oberlin, Charles G. Finney was ignorant of Greek and Hebrew, and yet how thoroughly efficient he was, not only as a preacher and evangelist, but as a teacher of systematic theology. Spurgeon was not a scholar, in the more restricted sense, but what an inspiration in all kinds of work, what an armory of all kinds of weapons, he found in the Book he loved! Henry Ward Beecher had only a faint recollection of having once learned Hebrew, but he so used his English Bible, in the earlier period of his ministry at any rate, as to make it a lamp of life to the multitudes who were privileged to hear him. William Taylor loved to make the simple records of the Old Testament instinct with living interest and significance to the busy generation around him in New York city; while Cardinal Newman and Bishop Asbury, though both of them scholarly men, show a strikingly similar fondness for the noble and impressive language of Old Testament narrative and prophecy.

In view of the special character and peculiar needs of the time no minister worthy of his position and calling will deny the necessity of a devout and careful study of the Scriptures in the light of the rich and ample literature which this most scholarly age of the world offers for its elucidation. There may be churches where there is little danger of the preacher's falling behind his best and most intelligent hearers in this regard, but in these days of active thought and eager questioning it is believed they are very few; and in cases where incuriosity or indolence places the preacher far in the rear of the more educated portion of his people, the effect of his antiquated, obscure or inaccurate knowledge of the Book and its origin, history, contents, composition, will sooner or later be fatal to his usefulness.

In many respects the Bible is a very different book to us today from what it was in Wesley's time. It has not passed through the glowing fires of historical and textual criticism for more than a century in vain. While it has ever been not a single book, but a complete "divine library," as Jerome designated it, to those who have used it wisely — full of the best things in history, philosophy, poetry, prose, and practical good sense — each age has developed its value, disclosed its hidden resources, shown more and more the limitless comprehensiveness of its range and scope. Less and less is it possible for any phase of human life to be excluded from its light; for any legitimate human interest to be alienated from its sympathy. In the century preceding the rise of Methodism the most commanding genius of his time made the great cardinal truths of Revelation — sin and redemption — the theme of his immortal strain. In Wesley's own generation the noblest and most masterly intellect then known spent toilsome years in elaborating a great argument in the Book's defence. Our own age has seen its grandeur confessed and its right to universal dominion tacitly admitted by the leading minds of all lands in the city of Chicago. Science has left its cosmological, anthropological and psychological facts unshaken. Philosophy confirms and illustrates its teachings as to man's nature, needs, relations, duties, true development and ultimate destiny. Law and jurisprudence draw their first principles from its inspired pages and constantly return to it for elucidation, support and sanction. Archæology discloses the vital connection of its earlier literature and its later history with the great monumental records of an increasingly remote antiquity. As research and exploration under the guidance of such men as Sayce, Flinders Petrie, Naville, Bliss, Hilprecht and others penetrate deeper and deeper into the obscurity of the prehistoric ages, they find the thin thread of the inspired narrative everywhere in the dim historic labyrinth offering its slender but sure clue to the eager antiquary and persevering student in his dubious quest. And if the interest of every intellectual and philanthropic profession and pursuit ultimately centres in the Book, can the preacher of its soul-saving truths afford to be willingly ignorant, in any degree, of its origin, history and fortunes, its rich and varied contents, and the vital and all-important questions they suggest and answer for every generation of men?

Like everything else worth knowing, the Bible cannot be known by the preacher as it deserves and requires to be known without some cost of money, time and effort. There requires to be patient and continuous study of the best Biblical literature, and the best books of this kind are never to be borrowed — they must be bought. They cannot be merely read to any profit; they must be studied and kept within reach. Wesley was so admirably a man of one book because he was such a conscientious, diligent and discriminating student of many books, and to him is attributed the saying that if a man read the Bible only, he will soon cease to read that.

On any single line of Biblical research a preacher of scholarly ability and application may spend all the spare hours of a lifetime. John Albert Bengel, whose invaluable "Gnomon" Wesley followed and was enabled thereby in his "Notes" to anticipate many of the most important results of modern textual criticism, gave a long and laborious life to his favorite line of study. He did not become the incomparable exegete he was, and still is, by a stroke of genius or by accident. Four consecutive generations of Buxtorfs were devoted to linguistic studies in connection with the Hebrew text. Dr. Westcott, present Bishop of Durham, devoted the years of his early residence at Cambridge University to the study of the Canon, and along with Dr. Sanday he is still the leading authority. Lightfoot, his friend and fellow professor in Cambridge and predecessor in the See of Durham, devoted his remarkably ripe scholarship and critical faculty to the exposition of a few epistles of St. Paul. Dr. Agar Beet has done the same. Spurgeon put more soul into his "Treasury of David" than into all the rest of his works put together. The late Dr. Strong gave valuable years without grudging, and toil without stint, to the production of his truly monumental work, the Concordance, thus furnishing an indispensable aid to the man who would study his English Bible to advantage. Similarly, in such works as Dr. W. Ramsay's "Historical Geography of Phrygia" — the scene of St. Paul's missionary labors — George A. Smith's "Historical Geography of Palestine," Sayce's "Patriarchal Palestine," the student is offered in each case the fruits of the labor and researches of a lifetime on a chosen line; while in Kyre and Spottiswoode's Variorum Bible almost the entire result of modern Biblical comment and criticism is placed in compact and convenient form at the service of the English reader.

The noblest, surest, most covetable result, however, of an unwearied study and thorough knowledge of God's Word is the holy and elevating influence it breathes on a man's daily thought and feeling, life and work; for it is from the inspired page comes the voice that rouses, rebukes, commands, consoles, and guides our souls, that appeals to our faith, our love, our gratitude, and silences our doubts and fears.

The Sunday School.

FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON IX.

Sunday, November 29.

1 Kings 10: 1-10, 13.

(Read chapter 10: 1-29.)

Rev. W. O. Holway, D. D., U. S. N.

THE FAME OF SOLOMON.

I. Preliminary.

1. **Golden Text:** *Behold, a greater than Solomon is here.* — Matt. 12: 42.

2. **Date:** B. C. 995.

3. **Places:** Jerusalem; Sheba, probably that part of Arabia Felix which bordered on the Red Sea.

4. **Parallel Narrative:** 2 Chron 9: 1-12.

5. **Home Readings:** *Monday* — 1 Kings 10: 1-13. *Tuesday* — 1 Kings 10: 14-25. *Wednesday* — 1 Kings 10: 26-29. *Thursday* — Eccles. 2: 1-11. *Friday* — Psalm 89: 1-8. *Saturday* — Matt. 12: 38-42. *Sunday* — Rev. 1: 9-18.

II. Introductory.

The wisdom and magnificence of Solomon had reached their full and splendid meridian. Exceeding all kings, his fame traveled to the most remote lands, and attracted visitors from the ends of the earth. Among those who came to Jerusalem, with a royal *cortège* and with pack camels laden with spices and gold and precious stones, was the Queen of Sheba, the wealthy district of southern Arabia. She had "hard questions" to submit to this highly-endowed king of Israel — something more serious and weighty than those puzzling enigmas which form "the favorite exercise of Oriental ingenuity." She received a gracious welcome, and such wise answers that she "communed" with Solomon "of all that was in her heart;" and had the satisfaction of having every doubt solved, every perplexity cleared away. But the impression produced upon this fair visitor — herself possessed of great wisdom and familiar with the splendor of courts — is a vivid testimonial to the exalted, almost fabulous, grandeur of the Hebrew king. His surpassing endowments, the magnificence of his palaces, the royal state in which he lived, the number and apparel of his attendants, were so overwhelming that "there was no more spirit in her." She confessed that the reality far exceeded the fame; that not only had she found true what she felt in her own land to be too extravagant for belief, but that the half even had not been told; and she praised Jehovah, and pronounced "blessed" the servants and people of such a king. The presents which she brought with her were magnificently reciprocated by her generous host, and she departed to her own land, leaving behind a remembrance of her visit in an abundance of spices such as was never known at Jerusalem before or since.

III. Expository.

1. The queen of Sheba — probably unmarried; famed, like Solomon, for her wisdom; called by the name of Balkis in the Koran; referred to by our Lord as "the queen of the south;" ruling one of the wealthiest kingdoms of the ancient world. **Heard . . . . fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord** — "his religious fame" (Cook); "the fame of what he had become by Jehovah's favor" (Gesenius); "the fame which he had acquired through the name of the Lord, or through the fact that the Lord so glorified Himself in him" (Keil). **The magnificence of the temple** which he had built to Jehovah, and his God-given wisdom and wealth, had much to do with this "fame" which reached the ears of this remote queen. **Came to prove him** — undertook this long journey of from twelve to fifteen hundred miles with the primary motive of putting to the test the much-talked-of wisdom of Solomon. **Hard questions** — possibly the puzzling riddles and enigmas which the Eastern mind delights in; probably, deeper and weightier questions of political or religious import.

We have read of long voyages undertaken, and of great hardships endured, by men who were in search of gold. Fable tells of the search for a golden fleece; history tells of many voyages to a fancied El Dorado; but here only, and in the case of the magi, do we read of a traveler who brought gold and sought wisdom (Hammond).

2. Came . . . with great train — a royal retinue. **Camels that bare spices** — frankincense, myrrh, tragacanth, etc. Of these she brought a great store (verse 10). **Very much gold.** — No gold is mined in Arabia nowadays; but classical writers (Strabo, Diodorus) declare that it was found there in early times and in great abundance, and used "in a most lavish manner in their furniture, utensils, and even on the walls, doors, and roofs of their houses." **Precious stones.** — These abounded in the East then as now. Emeralds, turquoises, amethysts, and the onyx are mentioned by writers as among the crystalline products of Arabia. Pearls, too, are found there, in the Persian Gulf and in Ceylon. **Communed . . . all that was in her heart.** — We are not told specifically what the nature of her inquiries was, but her purpose was evidently too earnest to have led her to take this long journey and carry these rich presents for a mere conflict of wit. The queen's heart was doubtless profoundly stirred by serious questions, and she came to Solomon as to an oracle.

The immense abundance of spices in Arabia, and especially in the Yemen or Sabean country, is noted by many writers. Herodotus says that the whole tract exhaled an odor marvelously sweet. Diodorus relates that the odor was carried out to sea to a considerable distance from the shore. According to Strabo, the spice trade of Arabia was in the hands of two nations, the Sabæans and the Gerrhæans, whose profits from it were so enormous that in his time they were the two wealthiest nations on the face of the earth (Cook).

3. Solomon told her all her questions. — Her quest was not in vain. The Jewish king, with his marvelous wisdom, was prepared for every problem which she presented. Every perplexity was instantly solved.

Literally the Hebrew runs, "And Solomon told her all her words; there was not a word hid from the king, that he told her not." Solomon, that is, answered all her questions without any exception (Cook).

4, 5. When the queen had seen . . . wisdom — the proofs of it. **The house that he had built** — supposed to refer not to the temple, which she of course would not be permitted to enter, but to the magnificent series of palaces which the king had erected in its vicinity. **The meat of his table.** — "And Solomon's provision for one day was thirty measures of fine flour and threescore measures of meal, ten fat oxen and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and an hundred sheep, besides harts, and roebucks, and fallow deer, and fatted fowl" (1 Kings 4: 22, 23). **Sitting of his servants** — "the seat of his retainers;" the luxurious quarters in his palace assigned to his courtiers. **The attendance of his ministers.** — The queen doubtless saw King Solomon on court occasions, surrounded by his richly-liveried officers of state. **His cup bearers** — chosen especially for their grace and beauty. **His ascent . . . unto the house of the Lord** — his private passage-way from his palace to the temple of which we have no description, but which was, doubtless, a masterpiece of skill. **No more spirit in her** — literally, "there was no more breath in her." She was breathless, faint with amazement.

The sumptuous palaces which he erected for his own residence, display an opulence and profusion which may vie with the older monarchs of Egypt or Assyria. His great palace stood in Jerusalem; it occupied thirteen years in building. A causeway bridged the deep ravine, and, leading directly to the temple, united the part, either of Acra or Zion on which the palace stood, with Mount Moriah. In this palace was a vast hall for public business, from its cedar pillars called the "House of the Forest of Lebanon." It was 175 feet long, half that measurement in width, above 50 feet high. Besides this great hall, there were two others of similar dimensions, in one of which the throne of justice was placed. The harem, or women's apartments, adjoined these buildings, with other piles of vast extent, particularly, if we may credit Josephus, a great banqueting hall. The same author informs us that the whole was surrounded by spacious and luxurious gardens. Another palace was built in a romantic part of the country, in the valleys at the foot of Lebanon, for his wife, the daughter of the king of Egypt, as a summer residence (Milman).

6, 7. A true report that I heard. — For once, distance did not "lend enchantment to the view." **The half was not told me.** — She had come to Jerusalem distrusting the seemingly extravagant reports she had heard of Solomon's wisdom and magnificence; she had been convinced by her own eyes and ears that even rumor had failed to tell even half the truth.

Usually things are represented to us, both by common fame and by our own imagination, much greater than we find them when we come to examine them; but here the truth exceeded both fame and fancy. Those who, through grace, are brought to experience the delights of communion with God, will say that the half was not told them of the pleasures of Wisdom's ways and the advantages of her gates. Glorified saints, much more, will say that it was a true report which they heard of the happiness of heaven, but that the thousandth part was not told them (Henry).

8, 9. Happy are thy men, etc. — not because of the sumptuous provision made for their comfort, nor for the grandeur of the lot in which their daily lives were cast, but for their opportunity of listening to the wisdom which fell pearl-like from the lips of the king. **Blessed be the Lord thy God** — a reverent acknowledgment of the majesty and goodness of Jehovah, but quite reconcilable with the queen's paganism, or polytheism, and not to be regarded as conclusive of any personal change of faith. Had the queen become a disciple of the Jewish religion, she would have offered sacrifices, and taken steps to indicate her renunciation of idols. **To do judgment and justice.** — For these high duties had Solomon been raised to the throne, according to the queen's view. Her imagination was not so dazzled as to hinder a clear perception of the relative values of Solomon's varied endowments.

Rulers are given their high position by God, not simply to enjoy the pleasures of life, and to see good days, but to administer justice to their subjects, and care for their temporal and eternal welfare (Oslander).

10. A hundred and twenty talents of gold — over three millions of dollars, reckoning the talent at $26,280. "Unto him shall be given of the gold of Sheba" (Psa. 72: 15). **Came no more such abundance of spices** — a graphic touch, showing how lavish had been this fragrant gift.

Thus she paid for the wisdom she had learned, and did not think she bought it dear. Let those who are taught of God give Him their hearts, and the present will be more acceptable than this of gold and spices (Henry).

13. The lesson omits verses 11 and 12. King Solomon gave . . . whatsoever she asked — and she probably "asked" with true Oriental frankness. **Besides that which Solomon gave her.** — His royal bounty provided doubtless a magnificent return for the gifts which she brought.

Asking for presents is common in the East, and is practiced by persons of all ranks. No feeling of shame prevents either the prince or the peasant from requesting to have given him anything that he sees and covets. A return, however, is made, as a matter of course, for presents received in this way, and, indeed, for all presents, except they be rewards for service or alms (Cook).

IV. Inferential.

1. It is a happy thing to have one's reputation identified with "the name of the Lord."

2. It is a fortunate thing that we have "One greater than Solomon" to whom we can carry all our "hard questions," and with whom we may commune of what is in our hearts.

3. If we have neither spices nor gold to offer, we need not lack the gold of self-sacrifice, the incense of a grateful heart.

4. They that ask of Jesus, receive; they that seek, find.

5. We have read of the glory of Solomon, but "the glories of our God and King," the "majestic sweetness" that "sits enthroned upon our Saviour's brow," the heavenly city, "Jerusalem the golden" — what pen can describe these? Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath men's imagination in its wildest flight conceived, the things prepared for us by God.

6. We may do our utmost for God; He will repay a thousandfold more than we bring.

7. "Learn (1) the nobility of a simple, earnest, restless search after truth; (2) the grateful respect which a teachable spirit will feel towards one who can unveil the truth to it; (3) the joyous satisfaction of soul that springs from the discovery of the highest truth. How much does such an example as this in the realms of heathen darkness rebuke the spiritual dullness and indifference of those who, with the Light of life shining gloriously upon them in the person of Christ, refuse to welcome it and walk in it (Matt. 8: 11, 12)" (Waite).

V. Illustrative.

1. The Queen of Sheba is cited by our Lord as one whose example is worth following (Matt. 12: 42). I fear there are but few potentates in these days who would do as she did. The monarchs from afar who have visited America have done so either in search of earthly wisdom and earthly advantages or to gratify earthly curiosity. But I have heard of two poor boys, Zulus from South Africa, who left their home, made their way to the coast, took service on board a vessel, and came to England, that they might learn about God, and who went through many hardships and disappointments before they found friends to gratify their desire. But I think they would tell us they found more than they sought. The young people round about us have no need to take a toilsome journey. There are pastors, churches, teachers, and Bibles close at hand. But what do they seek at church? An hour's pastime, the enjoyment of music, eloquent and clever preaching — or heavenly wisdom? What brings them to the class? Is it the attraction of a friendly teacher, or pleasant companions, or a lively and interesting lesson? And what do they seek in their Bibles? Pathetic tales, thrilling narratives, curious and remarkable facts, ancient history, fine poetry, etc.? Of the church, the class, and how much more of the Bible, it may be said: "A greater than Solomon is here." If the Queen of Sheba had seen all the wonders of Jerusalem, but had never been near the king nor heard his wisdom, she would have missed the best, the chief thing of all. And whatever we may see and hear and learn, if we miss Christ, we have missed the only thing that can save, the only thing that can satisfy (S. G. Stock).

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AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

I.

Across the Bay to Lisbon.

Dora M. Jones.

I SUPPOSE no set of people ever went to sea more plentifully provided with the commodity known as Job's comfort than the party whose adventures I am about to chronicle. We were bound for the Mediterranean, and many were the dark presages as to our fate. Perhaps some people may remember the gales that immediately preceded the 29th of September, and while oaks were bending and tiles flying in every direction, and news of casualties by land and sea coming in by every post, it did seem somewhat foolhardy to brave the rage of the Atlantic. Even when on the morning of our departure the sun shone out on us encouragingly for the first time for many days, our prudent friends shook their heads at us in pity and observed, "Ah, you just wait till you get into the bay."

In spite of all, however, our spirits, which had been somewhat damped by these remonstrances, rose insensibly as, after forcing our way through the crowd of people at St. Pancras station who had come to speed the travelers, and securing seats in the special train which had been chartered to take the party down to Tilbury, we found ourselves speeding through the Essex flats, with their rows of pollarded willows and red sails apparently rising out of the fields, though as we came nearer we saw the river creeping between the low banks. In about an hour we reached Tilbury station and had the pleasure of perceiving the long black side of the "Midnight Sun," which was to be our floating home for so long, rising along the quay-side. There was the usual excitement incident to the departure of one hundred and sixty Britons, with *impedimenta*, from their native shores. In the midst of all this the stewards contrived to let us have some dinner, and after that the best thing to be done seemed to be to climb to the hurricane deck and sit there in the lee of one of the boats in the dark, admiring the harbor lights till the time came to go below and make acquaintance with one's snug little white-painted cabin.

After a sleep which not even the unaccustomed noises of a first night at sea could disturb, I was roused about half-past six by the arrival of the matutinal tea and biscuits. After breakfast the deck chairs drew into groups under the awnings, old traveling companions met again and recalled their past adventures, and neighbors at table or in cabins improved their acquaintance and discussed the prospects of the voyage.

Most of us knew before we started on the cruise that

Sir Lambert Playfair,

who was returning to Algiers on the "Midnight Sun," would probably give us a lecture or two on board, and we were looking forward eagerly to the chance of getting some information on the countries we were to visit from one of the greatest living authorities on the history and antiquities of the Mediterranean coast. We were not disappointed. At five o'clock the large smoking-room on deck was packed full, and Sir Lambert was introduced to his audience by Hon. Justice Ross. The lecturer dealt in the first place with the physical configuration of the Mediterranean, showing the strong similarity of flora, fauna, and general contour between the northern and southern shores of the great sea, and pointed out that the Mediterranean was once divided into an eastern and a western basin, separated by a barrier of land where is now the island of Sicily. He then gave a sketch of the Mediterranean as a trade route, pointing out that the Roman domination had rather checked than otherwise the commerce developed by the Phœnicians. The Arab invasion and the Crusades developed a trade with the East of which Venice was the chief emporium, and to which the discovery of the sea route to India round the Cape of Good Hope proved a death blow. The importance of the Mediterranean as a trade route was revived when Ferdinand de Lesseps engineered the Suez Canal, and the only thing that could threaten it in the future would be the outbreak of a European war, in which case England, "the carrier of the world," might be compelled to revert to the longer route. The lecturer also gave us some interesting particulars about the first person who held the consular office in England, and who was appointed to the consulate of Crete and Candia by Henry VIII. in 1522, also about his own predecessor, Tipton, the first consul of Algiers, who received his nomination in 1585. His authority was afterwards extended to Tunis and Tripoli.

We passed through the dreaded bay, which put on its best behavior for us. In the afternoon we ran into a shoal of porpoises, which kept up with the ship for some time, and created great amusement, leaping out of the water in pairs, like trained circus ponies. After dinner that evening our indefatigable committee had an entertainment ready for us, including an excellent conjuring performance by the doctor in charge.

The following day, about noon, we sighted Finisterre — low sandy hills, and then a line of purple cliffs running out to the headland and the lighthouse. As we drew nearer we could make out the burnt-up, barren look of the hills, and the strip of bright yellow sand running at the foot of the cliff. We were signalling to the lighthouse when the luncheon rang. When we came up again the coast of Spain was a pale cloud, low on the horizon; then it faded, and we were alone once more with the sea and the sky. That afternoon Sir Lambert Playfair lectured on the Punic wars, the Empire of Rome in Africa, the early Christian Church, laying special emphasis on the great names of Augustine and Cyprian and the Vandal invasion.

Going on deck before breakfast next day I found a crowd of passengers aft, with their eyes fixed on a faint, misty line of cliff on the left, which gradually took on distinctness, and assumed the outline of Lisbon Rock, crowned with its old castle. By and by we had the pleasure, which no one can appreciate who has not spent three days in open sea, of feasting our eyes on the details of the coast, red sandstone cliffs, with bare reddish-brown hills above, shading into exquisite tints of palish purple, strips of yellow beach, white churches, red-roofed villas, and patches of bright green garden. By and by we rounded the point, and found ourselves steaming up the wide channel of the Tagus, with its smiling shores. Then the channel of the river widened into a spacious harbor, gay with various kinds of shipping, big steamers, an ocean tramp or two, weather-beaten and shabby, and any amount of small sailing craft, manned by bronze-colored sailors in blue cotton. The water was clear enough for us to see the jelly-fish as they floated past. In front of us was

Lisbon,

with its houses piled tier above tier to the summit of the amphitheatre of hills which surround the harbor, red and yellow warehouses lining the quay, white domes and cupolas, tufts of green trees and red-tiled houses, looking down on the harbor with its multitudinous shipping — all this bathed in a sunshine which made us realize that at last we were in the south.

On reaching the quay we got into the carriages that were waiting for us, and drove through a handsome square, the Plaza Commerciale, through the business quarter of the town, and past the market. Here the houses were high and fine, and the streets fairly wide. The market was curious, with the great piles of grapes and melons on the stalls, and the women in print skirts, woolen shawls, and gay silk handkerchiefs tied round their heads, watching us with amusement in their black eyes. Then we found ourselves in another square, with exotic-looking plants and fountains and statues, and from this there ascended a very steep hill, up which we were laboriously tugged. Indeed, the streets of Lisbon generally realize Dickens' description of the streets of Bath, where he says that they are like the perpendicular streets a man sees in a dream which he cannot get up for the life of him. At the top of this particular hill of difficulty were the Botanical Gardens, very prettily laid out and planted with trees, in the shade of which we were glad to rest for a season, and to enjoy the magnificent view of Lisbon spread out before us.

What struck us most in driving through the town, fresh from the gray north as we were, was the wealth of color everywhere. Nearly all the houses were color-washed, here a salmon pink one, the next bright blue, then one with the lower stories heliotrope and the upper dark green. Many of them had narrow green-painted balconies nearly all the way up. On all the balconies and at all these windows black-haired Portuguese women were lounging in loose print wrappers or blouses.

Coming down from the Gardens, we halted in the middle of a more than usually precipitous street, opposite a doorway in a yellow sandstone wall, which we entered after our guide without the least idea where we were going, crossed a courtyard, dived through several passages, and found ourselves at last in the Church of St. Roque. Outside, this building much resembles a Nonconformist meeting-house of the old style; inside, it is square and graceless, with a gorgeous high altar, however, and elaborately decked chapels on either side. The most remarkable of these is the chapel of St. John, with its lapis-lazuli pillars and panels of colored marble, its gilt bronze-work, and the marvelous mosaics which are said to have cost nearly £7,000,000 and to be among the finest in the world. They are copies of paintings by Guido and Michael Angelo in the Vatican of Rome.

After lunch we drove along a boulevard parallel with the quay. Troops of girls, with baskets of fish or trays of small commodities on their heads, trotted past us, in print jackets, short print skirts, and their shawls slung girdle-wise round their hips. They walk with a free, swinging tread, as if the place belonged to them, and seemed innocent of corsets.

Another terrible climb brought us to the Royal Palace, standing in a sort of park, planted with olives, acacias, eucalyptus, etc., which had a ragged and forlorn look to our English eyes. Here, as everywhere, except perhaps in the newest quarter of the town, we received an impression of melancholy and decay; the quays along which we passed had a semi-deserted look; the soldiers in their baggy canvas uniforms, the public buildings and conveyances, even the private carriages, were utterly wanting in that smartness, neatness, and attention to detail which form part of the English idea of comfort.

Our next visit was to the

Church and Convent of Belem

(or Bethlehem), in a poor and straggling suburb, from which a tramcar runs to Lisbon. They were built near the old Moorish town of Belem to celebrate the discovery of Vasco de Gama. As we passed up by the side of the church we could see where the plaster had fallen off it in great patches at the time of the earthquake. We passed into a lovely court built in an imitation of the Moorish style, with cloisters of fretted stonework all round and a gallery above. Beneath the gallery the most hideous and extraordinary gargoyles projected into the court, which was full of green-fronded palms, gray aloes, and rosy-blossomed oleanders, thrown into rich relief by the warm yellow sandstone of the building and the unclouded blue of the sky above.

At the further end of the court were collected a crowd of little boys belonging to the Foundling Hospital, which has its home here in the precincts of the old convent — urchins in brown jackets and black caps, all dressed alike and chattering like a crew of parrots. In the long dining-room adjoining, their evening meal was being set out by attendants robed in a kind of brown sacking. We also saw the kitchen, where great hunks of meat were being cut up for cooking, pots and pans boiling on the immense stove in the middle of the room, and a man and a boy in blue jackets devouring some very thick broth in a corner. All looked up and grinned as we passed. The dormitories had a very conventual look, rows and rows of narrow white beds in immense bare rooms; but the youngsters looked thoroughly happy and well cared for. We then went on to the church, which holds the tombs of Catherine of Braganza, Charles II.'s Portuguese wife, of Vasco de Gama, the great Portuguese sailor, and of Camoens, the poet of the "Lusiad." It is rather a gloomy building, the choir in a high gallery opposite the high altar, which glows like a jewel in the dimness of the church, only lighted by the narrow stained-glass windows high up in the wall, through which the light struggles, tinging the slender sandstone pillars, with their elaborate arabesque devices, red and orange and blue.

Coming back, we traversed the poorer quarters of the town, and were struck with the stately carriage of the women; one old dame with a brown water pitcher on her head might have stood for a St. Anne of Murillo. We saw another sitting on her doorstep, cooking the evening meal on a little portable stove, with one arm around a black-eyed baby, to hold it back from personal investigation of the compound in the saucepan. Some of the women on the doorsteps were basket-weaving, but most of them were merely chatting and dozing; others were lolling at the windows with their arms on the sills. The dark-eyed children were bewitching in their little brown or blue shirts. Nothing can give an idea of the quaintness of the pink and blue houses with the door and window frames badly in want of paint. Staggering up and down the hilly streets, we saw men carrying baggage on a yoke, and other porters with badges. The Lisbon porters are supposed to be exceptionally powerful, and it is said that one of these men has been seen to pick up a grand piano and carry it off on his head. But as dear old Sir John Mandeville is not the only traveler who has been known to diverge from strict accuracy, we give this statement for what it is worth.

The sun was going down in a red sky and twilight coming quickly on, as it does in these latitudes, when we stopped at the gate of the English cemetery. Avenues of solemn cypresses stood up darkly against the red flame of sunset, and, between, the white tombstones glimmered. We soon found the grave of poor Henry Fielding, who sleeps beneath an epitaph crediting him with all the virtues; but we had more difficulty with the tomb of Dr. Doddridge, which we discovered at last in a thicket of geranium. Both poet and novelist came out to Lisbon broken men, in the hope of gaining some benefit from the delicious climate of the place, but in vain. Doddridge died almost immediately on landing, and Fielding's respite was not much longer. It seemed strange and sad that perhaps the most typically English of our great writers should lie in a foreign land.

S. S. "Midnight Sun."

Unfermented Wines at the Sacrament.

ANOTHER indication of the widespread temperance sentiment in the churches is found in the fact that so large a number now use unfermented wine at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Probably a majority of the American churches have discarded fermented wine. The following figures, which we quote from an exchange, concerning the use of unfermented wine at the Lord's Supper, are suggestive of the general sentiment. In Scotland already 630 churches, representing various denominations, are known to have adopted this custom — among them 147 of the Free churches and 144 of the United Presbyterian churches; while almost all the Congregational, Evangelical, and Baptist congregations in the country use the unfermented wine. Many of the strongest Nonconformist churches in England have already given up the use of fermented wine. This is only one indication of the feeling in the Christian Church, but it shows very clearly the trend of that feeling. It might be added that some churches in England, as, for instance, Carr's Lane Chapel in Birmingham, use two kinds of wine — unfermented for abstainers and fermented for others. A blue ribbon on the cup indicates which is intended for the abstainers — who, by the way, are rapidly increasing in number, in that church at least. — *Outlook.*

SPECTACULAR CHRISTIANITY.

THERE are churches which call themselves institutional, and great efforts are being made to force them to the front. Their special object seems to be to tickle the community into heaven. The preaching of the Gospel and administration of the ordinances appear incidental. The chief agencies employed are apparently directed to getting the multitude into the church trap. People are not expected to come because of what they will hear, but to be induced to hear after they are caught. The choir is expected to draw like a poultice. It is the voice of a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness.

But this is really more sanctifying than the sports now installed. Gymnastics have become a soul-saving force, so that the gymnasium is under the sacred roof, and young men are expected to be caught in this gospel net. So they swing by their hands and their feet; they bend themselves back into a semi-circle, and then forward in a like curve, and so on through the elaborate drill, and this is supposed to act as a saving grace. The athlete is expected to join the church, and to add to the minister's attractions and to go before him in his work, saying, "Come out tonight and hear the converted athlete; converted in the institutional church, the pastor of which is the greatest preacher in the country."

But there are several varieties of saving methods in the institutional church. It has carried its evangelizing efforts into the foot-ball sport. It has rented a lot, and has prepared it, and has provided refreshments, not only for the players, but for the religious folk who attend to help on the cause. In a word, everything is furnished but mourners' benches. The results are most satisfactory. The kickers come and join the church, and what a prodigious influence they have in saving men! When any one of these saved kickers from the church ball grounds speaks, he is introduced as belonging to a noted church team. His knuckles are smashed, and he is a cripple, but how powerful he is! All these things draw in the institutional church, and there is a rush to see and hear him. There is nothing like it if the church does not grow. If old-time revivals are played out, get a foot-ball team, and the building will scarcely hold the crowds.

Next there is the military training. No church is thought complete without a company of two of young guards who can toe the mark. This is a marked institutional feature. It draws especially the boys in neighboring churches. Where formerly people only served God in preaching, praying and praising in a New Testament way, in this new mode of saving men it is "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." They are all in uniform, and can give the pastor a military salute. They take up the collection in measured motion; it is considered very impressive in the house of God, according to the institutional church idea.

Some say that the reason why the Quakers do not get more converts is because they lack demonstrations of this kind. Many regard no religious move like making soldiers under the eaves of the sanctuary. There might even be a war with the Indians, and how these church-trained soldiers could then carry on missionary operations!

There are also clubs, male and female, and mock courts and theatricals. Each and all, it is claimed, can be utilized, with the salvation of men as the ultimate object. This mode of work supersedes the need of thorough and instructive preaching, as a short sermon, prepared after breakfast, will answer all general purposes. Or if this will not draw sufficiently on Sunday night, lectures on popular secular subjects, with a short performance on the part of the institutional pastor tied on, as the bobs to a kite, will effect the desired end. Those pastors who go on in the old Gospel way are considered "dumb dogs," who do not understand the modern bark, and who deserve nothing better than they have, as they do not try popular methods. — *Presbyterian* (Philadelphia).

THE GENERAL MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

[Continued from Page 5.]

head of many a man, but it will only spur Dr. Smith to do even better work.

Rev. J. J. Hill, a pastor in the Pittsburg Conference, is taking stenographic reports for the *Central, Northwestern* and *Western Advocates*.

Dr. J. T. Gracey, a veritable missionary expert, writes with a ready pen for the *Northern Christian Advocate*.

The *Advocate* at New York, "the Great Official," has a special correspondent in the person of Dr. J. S. Breckinridge, the superintendent of the Brooklyn Methodist Hospital.

Dr. C. W. Smith came to Detroit the third day of the session. He is recovering from a very severe attack of nervous prostration, which confined him to his bed for nine weeks. He is keenly alive to let all the readers of the *Pittsburg Advocate* know what is done.

Dr. I. B. Scott, the new editor of the *Southwestern* (New Orleans), is showing the true journalistic spirit and methods. He is a splendid specimen of our new colored American manhood.

Dr. Berry, of the *Epworth Herald*, came just as the missionary edition of his paper appeared. He received many congratulations for his splendid enterprise.

The City of Detroit.

To one coming for the first time to this "City of the Straits" perhaps the most strikingly noticeable thing would be the great electric light towers, rising fairy-like far up towards the skies. Surely at night they would attract immediate and wondering attention. There are 136 of these towers, ranging from 100 to 175 feet in height. Most of them have from four to six lights whose brilliancy makes Detroit streets aglow.

Thus attracted at the very first, the charm is not dissipated by closer acquaintance. The city has now nearly 300,000 inhabitants and is rapidly growing. A local historian, enthusiastic over his theme, says with none too great praise: "Detroit is especially noted for its broad and cleanly streets, its wide and well-kept walks, its numerous and thrifty shade trees, its extensive and beautiful lawns and gardens, the number and attractiveness of its parks and public squares, the varied and tasteful architecture of its residences, the stability of its mercantile life, and the range and extent of its manufacturing interests."

It has had a varied history. Founded in 1701 by Cadillac, a Frenchman, it has known alternately French, English, French, English, and finally American supremacy. It was the seat of Pontiac's conspiracy, and for years was an outpost of frontier civilization. It was laid out on the general plan of Washington city, hence its broad avenues, radiating from a centre. It is the city of homes. A quiet, refined elegance reigns here. Its churches number about 250, and could seat, so it is said, about one-half the population, if so large a number of people should desire to go to church at any one time. It is a very clean city. In this connection it may be mentioned that a half-million dollars' worth of soap is made here every year. It is wonderfully well kept up. Perhaps the great manufacture of pins is evidence of the city's tidiness. Its electric car lines are under splendid management, so it appears to a stranger. The fare is 5 cents, or six tickets for 25 cts. Between 5.30 and 7 A. M. eight tickets for 25 cts. is the rate. This reduced fare holds good also from 5.15 to 6.15 P. M. The streets are paved with asphalt, wooden blocks, brick and stone. They abound in bicyclists, fully 10,000 riders being in the city. The churches are many of them very elegant. It has been a constant pleasure as time would permit to visit this magnificent Michigan metropolis.

The Conferences.

New England Conference.

Boston Preachers' Meeting. — Rev. H. H. Russell, LL. D., of Delaware, Ohio, spoke, by invitation, on: "Up-to-Date Methods in Temperance Lines."

South District.

Boston, People's Temple. — The pastor, Rev. James Boyd Brady, D. D., has begun the publication of the *People's Temple Trumpet*, a small pamphlet which is to contain one of his Sunday sermons, with opening and closing prayer, stenographically reported by Rev. W. D. Bridge. In the issue of Nov. 8 is a very thoughtful and discriminative sermon upon "Christ the Wonderful." The subject was treated under the following heads: "Wonderful Antiquity," "Wonderful Forerunners," "Wonderful Birth," "Wonderful Inaugural," "Wonderful Deeds," "Wonderful Words."

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Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed." — Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

Boston, Baker Memorial Church. — Last Sunday morning, Rev. C. A. Littlefield presented in an able and lucid address the work of the Boston City Missionary and Church Extension Society. In the evening Rev. Charles Parkhurst, D. D., editor of ZION'S HERALD, preached.

Boston, Italian Church. — On Nov. 8, 12 were received into full membership from probation and 5 were received on probation. The present membership is 91 in full connection, and about twice that number on probation. Many of these are living in other cities and towns, but holding their church relations here. In the Sabbath-school 129 were present, though many of the usual attendants are away, being laborers on outside public works. Twenty women were in the Sunday-school — an increasing number of the class most difficult to reach. The monthly Italian-American Social, on Monday evening, Nov. 9, was of very special interest and profit.

Boston, St. John's. — A harvest supper under the auspices of the Ladies' Social Circle was a most social and delightful occasion. The vestry was full, the supper bountiful, the decorations pleasing. Music was furnished by an orchestra from the Perkins Institution. Excellent after-dinner speeches were made by Rev. Dr. Lindsay, former presiding elder, Rev. C. A. Dinsmore, pastor of the Phillips Congregational Church, and by Hon. John L. Bates, once a boy in the Sunday-school. During the fall the people have enjoyed the presence and words of Bishop Ninde, Mrs. Potter of the W. H. M. S., and Dr. D. H. Moore of the *Western Christian Advocate*. A promising Home Department has been organized in the Sunday-school. Members of the Junior League regularly attend the Sunday morning preaching service; 61 were present last Sunday to encourage the preacher. They have just donated to the church 25 Hymnals suitably inscribed. The pastor is preaching Sunday evening "lecture-sermons" upon "God in Nature." "The Sea" was the theme of the first, delivered Nov. 8. "The River of God," given Nov. 15, will be followed by "The Mountains," Nov. 22; "The Heavens," Nov. 29; "Man," Dec. 6.

Boston, Morgan Chapel. — Among the new departments added to the Morgan Chapel work, one of the most encouraging is the music school, under the direction of L. M. Bristol. Courses under the best instructors are offered in vocal culture, sight singing, piano, organ, mandolin, guitar, physical culture and elocution. The faculty includes Prof. W. W. Adams, of the Boston Conservatory of Music; Mrs. Moulton, organist of First M. E. Church, Jamaica Plain; Mr. J. L. Duckwall, teacher of guitar; Miss Helen Gilmore, of the Emerson School of Oratory, and Mr. L. M. Bristol, mandolin instructor, Boston Conservatory. For term of ten weeks the price varies from $1.00 to $2.50, according to the size of the class. This school is especially for the benefit of the neighborhood of the Chapel and of the Epworth Leaguers of our city churches, and may be taken advantage of by all who wish first-class instruction at the very lowest rates. The class in sight singing meets on Monday evenings from seven to eight o'clock, closing in time for the lecture in the Epworth League Training School course; the other classes are arranged to suit the members. Morgan Chapel is on the corner of Shawmut Ave. and Corning Street. U.

Worcester, Webster Square. — Rev. L. W. Adams has adopted a new method in his evening services. Last Sunday night a large congregation gathered to hear and see an illustrated sermon. A series of these are to be given.

Thomas St. — Temperance work before the election is always done in earnest in the Swedish churches, and Assistant Pastor Witting considered it as a nuisance, while Pastor Eagle of Providence said that half the population of the city is lost to God through the work of the saloon. Rev. H. E. Whyman helps the Swedish brothers at their fair in Malden on Friday evening by singing. One reason of the success of these people is that everybody sings. Pastor and people keep good courage and light hearts because of this happy gift of song.

Grace. — The Cushman band met with Susie A. Sargent to sew for the fair. Supper and fun came later in the evening. The older people sewed diligently at Mrs. Cobb's, and all for the same purpose, namely, the fair. As the ministers cannot sew for the fair they meet to talk over ways of preaching so that the women will be incited to sew more and faster. The subject of discussion at the meeting, under charge of Rev. W. J. Thompson as president, was the difference of the old and new methods of preaching. At all times, in all places, the best work possible and the result to God. Committee for a temperance rally on Dec. 2 was appointed.

Trinity. — The quarterly meeting of the auxiliary of the W. F. M. S. was held with Mrs. Amos Fitz, Mrs. L. F. Harrison in the chair. Mrs. Holway gave a report of the annual meeting in Watertown. Mrs. Hanaford gave many useful suggestions for the work. In the evening a discussion was had on "What Branch of Missionary Work is Most Effective?" Mrs. Hanaford also gave an address. Mrs. Winifred Turner had charge of the evening program. QUIS.

North District.

Somerville, First Church, Union Square. — Very large congregations are greeting the pastor, Rev. G. S. Butters, at both the morning and evening services. A very harmonious and hopeful spirit pervades the church.

Cambridgeport, Grace Church. — The twenty-fifth anniversary of this church occurred Sunday, Nov. 15. Bishop R. S. Foster, with much of his former power, preached in the morning from 1 John 3: 1 and 2. In the evening the pastor, Rev. G. A. Phinney, preached the anniversary sermon. The event is to be commemorated during this week. The church made a $1,000 thank-offering last Wednesday night to the organ fund.

Newtonville. — The reopening services of this church were continued last Sunday, November 15, by a service in the morning at 10.45, at which Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D. D., preached from Acts 1: 6: "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" A large congregation completely filled the church. The sermon was of great beauty and power. The theme was the restoration of all things through the coming of the kingdom of our Lord. The whole service was greatly enjoyed. In the evening the pastor, Rev. Franklin Hamilton, delivered the first of his series of Sunday evening addresses, called "The Wayside Cross, or Gospel Suggestions from a Journey in Canada." The special topic was "The Gray Nuns and Old Shrines of Montreal." Special music was furnished at both services.

East District.

Marblehead. — Rev. Hugh Montgomery is meeting with characteristic success in this church. The young people are drawn in large numbers to the popular preaching service on Sunday evening. There are twenty-six members of this church whose average age is more than 75, who are unable to attend the services of the church. Mrs. Thompson of this church has been a subscriber for ZION'S HERALD for 61 years and affirms that she would rather go without her breakfast than lose the reading of a single issue. Mrs. Sweet who has been a subscriber for over 50 years told the pastor that he ought not to nominate for an official position in the church any person who was not a subscriber to ZION'S HERALD. The list of subscribers is being largely increased under the diligent efforts of the pastor. U.

West District.

West Brookfield. — Nov. 1 was a memorable day. Eight persons were baptized, 1 was received on probation and 3 into full connection. The chorus choir which has been organized for the evening praise service adds much to the interest of the meetings. The church has recently received a fresh coat of paint, and seems much more attractive. At the harvest supper at Mr. Joseph Allen's a goodly sum was realized. The many friends of Mrs. W. P. Blackmer are rejoicing over her convalescence. Rev. A. B. Gifford is pastor.

Feeding Hills. — On the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. C. P. Ketcham, the pastor and wife, the Junior League — forty in number — called with their president and presented a very beautiful gift. Supper was served, and a pleasant social time enjoyed. The Junior League meetings have an attendance of about forty — an evidence of the attention given to this important work on this charge.

Leyden. — Very successful revival services are being held; assistance has been rendered by Revs. Jerome Wood of Greenfield, J. H. Long of Bernardston, and W. H. Prescott of Colrain. Rev. W. T. Hale is pastor.

Northampton. — A few weeks of special services have quickened the church; some backsliders have been reclaimed and some have begun a Christian life. Rev. Mr. Betcher, of Williamsburg, took charge of the singing, and the pastor preached each evening. The new parsonage is about completed, and will be occupied in a week or two. The problem here, as elsewhere, has been the Sunday evening service; but for several weeks the attendance has been increasing, until the last two Sunday nights the church has been filled. As an experiment for one month the Epworth League meeting is being held after, instead of before, the preaching service; this enables the pastor to close his service with a definite purpose to reach the unsaved. It is said that the November communion service was the largest yet in the new church, the altar being filled six times. Ten were received by letter; among them were Prof. Crowell of the department of Sociology in Smith College, who is a regularly ordained minister and member of Conference in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Mr. McDougal, the new principal of one of the grammar schools, who is also a Methodist local preacher. This church has now, beside its pastor, three regularly ordained preachers, and two local preachers. Rev. F. G. Morris and Dr. Crowell assisted the pastor, Rev. W. F. Stewart, in the communion service.

Ware. — The congregations are large, having recently increased one-third. Extensive preparations are being made for a Carnival of Trade, to be held Nov. 17 and 18, and also for a reception to the local Post of the G. A. R. Rev. J. W. Fulton is pastor.

Shelburne Falls. — The fall session of the West District Preachers' Association was held here Nov. 11 and 12. The principal topics of discussion were: "Indoctrinating the Young People of our Church," Rev. W. H. Dockham; "To What Extent Should the Preacher Go Outside the Bible for Pulpit Themes?" Rev. Chas. Tilton; "The Kind of Church Paper our Homes Need," Rev. R. E. Bisbee; "Revival for Our District: the Need," Rev. Dr. Thorndike; "How to Secure It," Rev. Jerome Wood; "Care of Converts," Rev. N. B. Fisk. Exegetical outlines of all or parts of Gal. 4: 21-31 and Col. 2: 16 and 17, were given by several preachers. The sermon of the session was preached on Wednesday evening by Rev. W. F. Stewart. Rev. H. G. Alley, the pastor, and his hospitable people, by their many kind attentions, contributed much toward the success of the profitable meeting. R.

Among the attractive calendars for '97 are the English Tile Calendars from the old Wedgwood pottery. For fifteen years Jones, McDuffee & Stratton have brought them out with some historical building on one side. This year it is a reproduction of the picture of the old Federal Street Theatre built in 1794 on the site of Jones, McDuffee & Stratton's store, corner of Franklin Street. The old theatre was nearly opposite the Channing Church on Federal Street. The underglaze engravings on the tile calendars make them of permanent historical value.

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We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address,

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TREMONT TEMPLE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 24, SATURDAY, Nov. 28, At 2 and 8 P. M.

Major J. B. Pond takes pleasure in announcing four lectures and readings by the most celebrated living Scotchman,

IAN MACLAREN

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," etc. etc.

Afternoon Tickets, $1.00, 75c., 50c., 25c.
Evening Tickets, $1.50, $1.00, 75c., 50c.
On sale at Tremont Temple beginning Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 9 A. M.

- - Souvenir History - -
OF THE
EAST DISTRICT, NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.
Illustrated by 150 Engravings.
Edited by W. A. THURSTON, Pastor of Avenue M. E. Church, Beverly, Mass.
REGULAR PRICE, CLOTH BOUND, $1.00.
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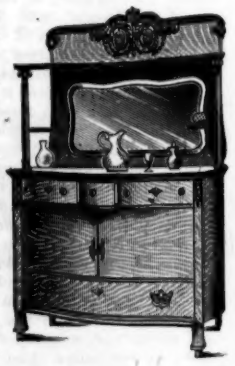
DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

There will be 150 beautiful photogravures of churches, parsonages, pastors, pastors' wives, Sabbath-school superintendents, Epworth League presidents, and presidents of the different organizations in the district.
The book will contain many historical facts not heretofore published, namely:
An original historical sketch of the district.
An illustrated article on the Boston East District Epworth League.
An illustrated article on the Ministers Wives' Association.
An illustrated historical sketch of the Asbury Grove Camp Meeting.
An illustrated historical sketch of each Church in the District.
A full-page illustrationof the present members of the New England Conference.
A complete list of the members of the different quarterly conferences.
A complete list of the Officers and Teachers of the Sabbath-schools of the district.
Epworth League statistics and other valuable information.
The book will contain about 175 pages.
The book will be elegantly bound in cloth and finished in gold.
The book has the sanction of Rev. J. O. Knowles, D. D., Presiding Elder, and the Official Board of the Avenue M. E. Church. A part of the proceeds will be devoted to the Avenue M. E. Church.

SIDEBOARD FOLLY.



You remember the tempting notice which the dealer placed over his 37-cent shirts: "*They won't last long at this price.*"

You think of this when you see some of the glued-up sideboards marked with sensational figures in the store of the bargain dealer. One wonders whether they will reach their destination before they break apart at some point.

It is all the more pitiable that such sideboards can be sold when one recalls the fact that reliable furniture is now so low in cost. Here, for example, is a sideboard which will last for a quarter of a century, ministering in countless ways to daily convenience and adorning the house with its classic beauty; yet it costs only a few dollars more than the cheap patterns we have mentioned.

Selected white oak, quartered and hand-carved; serpentine front and sides; 36-inch plate mirror; 3 shelves above the board; immense plate closets; 4 outside drawers; splendidly constructed throughout.

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If Your Food Distresses You

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It aids the stomach to digest the food, and does away with that full feeling after eating.

Who that has read the charming books of "Ian Maclaren" would miss the opportunity to hear Dr. Watson in the lectures which he is to give at Tremont Temple, both afternoon and evening, Tuesday, Nov. 24, and Saturday, Nov. 28. Those who have listened to this Scotch divine and author assure us that no matter how high an ideal his readers have formed of him, they will not be disappointed when they see or hear him. Besides the qualities of thought and expression, the wisdom, the wit, the pathos and the power which characterize his writings, he brings to the platform the added attractions of a fine presence and strong personal magnetism.

"The McKinley Saloon Business."

Under this head we some weeks ago published the truth concerning the charges made against Governor McKinley and his wife in relation to a certain saloon property in Canton, O. We had taken pains to learn the facts before making the statement. We said then, and now repeat, that this property when inherited by Mrs. McKinley was encumbered by a lease, and is still so encumbered. The property is, under the laws of the State of Ohio, beyond the control of the McKinleys, and will be so for some two years yet. This is the state of the case, all allegations and so-called proofs to the contrary notwithstanding. — *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* (Nov. 12).

If we told you that your baby was starving, that it actually didn't get enough to eat, you might resent it. And yet there are thousands of babies who never get the fat they should in their food or who are not able to digest the fat that they do get. Fat is a necessity to your baby. It is baby life and baby beauty. A few drops of Scott's Emulsion for all little ones one, two and three years of age is better than cream for them. They thrive and grow on it.

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Ladies' Fine Kersey Jackets, lined throughout with Fancy Silk, storm collar, strapped seams, really a **$17.00** coat, but for a special sale we offer these stylish Jackets at only

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WANTED LADY OR GENTLEMAN of good Church standing to learn our business, then to act as manager or State correspondent. Salary $900. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. P. T. ELDER, Manager. 87 Plymouth Place, Chicago, Ills.

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Take Elevator.

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, November 10.

— Gen. Weyler, at the head of a force, starts for the hills where Maceo is.

— Mrs Castle, the shoplifter, released from jail in England, on account of her mental and physical state.

— The New York *World* must pay Miss Harriet Monroe $5,000 for prematurely publishing her World's Fair ode in 1892.

— The Torrens Land Title act declared to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of Illinois.

— The Brooklyn aldermen indefinitely postpone the East River tunnel project.

— Baltimore banks swamped with gold.

— The U. S. S. "Texas" sinks into the mud in the New York Navy Yard; a break occurs in her starboard injector.

— Lord Salisbury announces the settlement of the Venezuela dispute.

— The steamer "Three Friends" seized for violation of the neutrality laws.

— Napoleon Sarony, the famous New York photographer, is dead.

Wednesday, November 11.

— Cuban patriots attack a town in the outskirts of Havana.

— The Southern Railway fined $500 for running a freight train through Greensboro, N. C., on Sunday.

— Mrs. Sarah Malloy, of Wyoming, the first woman to be Presidential elector.

— The house in which President Lincoln died in Washington purchased by the Government.

— The battleship "Texas" pumped out and floated.

— Secretary Olney publishes two letters regarding the Venezuelan dispute.

— The Turks massacre a hundred more Armenians.

— Alabama ministers working against pool-selling in that State.

— Wheat goes up to 94 cents.

Thursday, November 12.

— The Transvaal wants $5,000,000 indemnity from the British South Africa Company for the Jameson raid.

— The National Farmers' Congress in session at Indianapolis adopt resolutions favoring international bimetallism.

— King Menelek appeals to the Pope to intervene with Italy to secure peace with his country.

— The Waltham Watch Company to increase its running time to fifty-eight hours per week.

— King Oscar of Sweden and Norway probably to be one of the arbitrators of the Venezuelan dispute.

— The Porte officially announces that the reforms agreed upon in 1895 will be carried out.

Friday, November 13.

— Frauds charged in Tennessee; Republicans gathering evidence of illegal voting.

— Secretary Olney serves notice on Spain that this country will no longer tolerate unjust discriminations against American ships at Havana.

— Experiments to be made with horseless mail wagons to take the place of collectors now in use in New York.

— Reported repulse of Gen. Weyler.

— Commissioner Miller of the Internal Revenue resigns office.

— Sixteen nations agree to adopt after July 1, 1897, the new "rules of the road" at sea.

— The French Cabinet defeats the Radical attempts to overthrow it.

— Wheat at 95.

Saturday, November 14.

— The "Iowa," on her trial trip, exceeds her contract requirements.

— The long-standing boundary dispute between Costa Rica and Colombia to be arbitrated; this result brought about by the good offices of this country.

— Among the bequests in the will of the late Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt is one of $250,000 to St Bartholomew's Church, New York.

Monday, November 16.

— Secretary Herbert to be appointed to a judicial position in Washington.

— Electrical energy transmitted from Niagara to Buffalo.

— Grain riots break out in the famine stricken districts of India.

— The complete independence of Ethiopia recognized in a new treaty between Italy and Abyssinia.

SINGERS AND ARTISTS GENERALLY are users of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for Hoarseness and Throat Troubles. They afford instant relief.

Extension of the Cleveland Baking Powder Works.

Builder William J. Moran has just signed a contract to build a four-story extension to the factory of the Cleveland Baking Powder Co., on South Fifth Street. He will also build a two-story stable, forty feet in depth. "I got the contract," said Mr. Moran, "the day after election." — *Brooklyn* (N. Y.) *Times.*

Church Register.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

Rev. G. W. Norris, 71 Berkeley St., Lawrence, Mass.

NOTICE. — The reopening services of the Norway (Maine) M. E. Church will occur Friday, Nov. 27. All former pastors are earnestly invited to be present and participate in the services.

W. B. ELDRIDGE, pastor.

EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION. — A group Epworth League convention, including Clinton, East Pepperell, Fitchburg, Leominster, Lunenburg, Townsend, Oakdale, Princeton and West Fitchburg, will be held at Fitchburg, Wednesday, Nov. 18, morning, afternoon and evening. A convention including Berlin, Hudson, Marlboro, Maynard, Rockbottom and Sudbury will be held at Marlboro, Nov. 19, afternoon and evening.

A. M. OSGOOD, Pres. North Dist.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION. — Tuesday, Dec. 1, at Grace Church, Worcester, under the direction of the New England Conference Sunday School Society.

PROGRAM.

2.30 p. m., Devotional service, conducted by Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D.; addresses on "The Pastor and the Sunday-school," and "The Sunday-school Superintendent." Conference, "The Sunday-school Teacher," conducted by Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut; Round Table, conducted by Rev. Geo. H. Clarke. 6 p. m., Supper. 7.30, Praise and prayer, conducted by Rev. L. W. Adams; address, "Two Ends of Primary Work," Miss Bertha F. Vella; "Wherein the Average Sunday-school Succeeds," Dr. Hurlbut. Music of the convention will be under the direction of Rev. W. J. Thompson. All Sunday-schools in the central part of the Conference are invited to attend this convention.

GEO. H. CLARKE, For the Committee.

Don't daily with rheumatism. Purify your blood and cure it at once by taking a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Business Notices.

READ the last column on the 15th page for announcement of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

MAINE CONFERENCE ITINERANTS' INSTITUTE at South Portland, Nov. 30-Dec. 3.

Monday, 4 p. m., love-feast, led by G. R. Palmer; evening, "The Duty of the Preacher to Prohibition," W. F. Berry. Rev. M. D. Buell, Dean of the Boston University School of Theology, will lecture on the Epistle to the Galatians, Tuesday afternoon at 3.30, Wednesday at 11 and 2. He will also preach on Tuesday evening. Rev. H. E. Prohock will lecture on "God's Word Tried," Wednesday evening. F. W. Searle, M. D., of Portland, will lecture on "The Health of Ministers," Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Examinations of classes each forenoon. Committees are requested not to plan for them at any other time. The courses of study in the Disciplines of 1892 will be used.

Let every preacher who expects entertainment write at once to Rev. William Wood, South Portland. Traveling expenses will be averaged as usual. Use mileage books. If a sufficient number notify the president of the Institute immediately, reduced rates may be secured.

E. O. THAYER, President.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSION RALLY. — A young people's mission rally will be held under the auspices of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions at People's Temple, Nov. 29, at 4 p. m., to which every Epworth League in Boston is urged to send delegates. The rally will be addressed by Rev. Harlan P. Beach, formerly in India, now editor of the *Student Volunteer*, Robert E. Lewis, of the same movement, and one of the popular pastors of the city. The purpose of the meeting is to quicken the missionary work in all young people's societies and to prepare the way for a subsequent campaign among the individual societies. The secretary of the League, Rev. Luther Freeman, and the Christian Endeavor leaders, William Shaw and President Gilman, give the movement warm endorsement and urge every society to be represented by at least ten delegates, including the chairman of the missionary committee. Tickets of admission may be secured from G. M. Fisher, College Secretary Y. M. C. A., Boston.

Deaths.

GOULD — In Hull, Mass., Nov. 9, Robert Gould, of East Cambridge, aged 79 years.

Marriages.

KYLE — THOMPSON — In Mattawamkeag, Oct. 7, by Rev. W. T. Johnson, Lester J. Kyle and Nina S. Thompson, both of Mattawamkeag.

KNIGHT — HODGDON — In Cornish, Me., Oct 28, by Rev. G. F. Millward, Charles Lewis Knight and Jeanette S. Hodgdon, both of Cornish.

ROUNDS — PIKE — In Cornish, Me., Nov. 12, by the same, Stephen Rounds, of E. Baldwin, Me., and Florence Asenath Pike, of Cornish.

The Second Summer,

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

Money Letters from Nov. 9 to 16.

E B Atkins. H A Bullock. Mrs A K Church, Robert Clark, Mrs Chas Cole, Robert Culley. D W Downs, R E Danforth. Geo H Fales. F. J Goodspeed. M A Heald, Thos Howarth. D P Jordan. C W Lowell. J E McCreary, Mrs J R Morrison, Arthur Muldoon. J W Newton. J N Patterson. A L Ridgway, Mrs Frank Ram, F C Rogers, H F Hale. E Sweet, Geo W Skinner, Mrs A Sutherland, Wm G Smith. J W Thomas, I D Van Valkenburgh. H C Warner, Jane L Wright, W A Warden, H L Williams.

ALPHA CHAPTER. — Regular monthly meeting at the Crawford House, Room 30, Monday, Nov. 23. Dinner (European plan) at 12.30. Papers at 1.15 — "The Pastor and the Benevolences," Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D. D.; "The Pastor in the Parish," Rev. Geo. W. Brown, '81, Troy Conference. JOSEPH F. KENNEDY, Sec.

NOTICE. — The annual meeting of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held at the office of the Board, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 2.30 p. m.

EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY. — The 80th anniversary of the Dorchester Church will be observed with the following interesting program of services: Sunday, Nov. 29, at 10.30 a. m., sermon by Bishop Foster; 7.30 p. m., preaching by Rev. D. H. Ela, D. D. Monday evening, reunion banquet with addresses by former pastors and others. Tuesday evening, preaching at 7.30 by Rev. R. F. Holway; Wednesday evening by Rev. C. F. Rice, D. D.; Thursday evening by Rev. W. T. Perrin; Friday evening by Rev. F. N. Upham. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 10.30 a. m., Bishop W. F. Mallalieu will preach, and at 7.30 p. m., Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D.

N. E. CONFERENCE EXAMINATIONS. — Candidates in the studies of the third year, who desire to pass in a part of the work before Conference, may do so during the month of December as follows: Those on the West District may make a date in December with Dr. Watkins, and upon such date may meet the Doctor and pass upon any studies in the third year. Those on the North and South Districts may make arrangements with Dr. Skene, and those on the East District with Rev. J. B. Cushing. No papers will be sent to candidates. They must go to the Examiner. The passages in Exegesis are Gen. 12: 1-4 and Exod. 6: 2-8.

C. H. SPAULDING.

W. F. M. S. — A convention of the W. F. M. S. of Montpelier District will be held at White River Junction, Thursday afternoon and evening and Friday morning, Nov. 19 and 20. The speakers engaged are Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Baker, of Thetford, late missionaries to India; Mrs. Charles Parkhurst, of Somerville, ex-president of the N. E. Branch; Mrs. L. P. Harrison, of Worcester, Mass., superintendent of Children's Work for N. E. Branch; Mrs. P. L. Beeman, of Montpelier, Conference secretary, and Rev. A. Gillies, of White River Junction. It is hoped that all the churches will send delegates.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION. — Wednesday, Dec. 2, at Temple St. Church, Boston, under the direction of the New England Conference Sunday School Society.

PROGRAM.

2.30 p. m., Devotional service, led by Rev. Dr. Geo. F. Eaton; address, "The Importance of Sunday-school Work," Rev. J. D. Pickles; Conference. "The Teacher's Preparation," in charge of Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut; address, "Two Ends of Primary Work," Miss Bertha F. Vella; question drawer. 5.40, social and supper. 7, service of song and prayer led by Rev. J. F. Kennedy; discussion. "Shall we Organize a Methodist Sunday-school Workers' Union for Boston and Vicinity?" Mr. W. H. Hawley, Miss Bertha F. Vella, Mr. Wilfred J. Sisde; address, "Wages or Rewards of Sunday-school Work," Dr. Hurlbut. The music of the convention will be under the direction of Rev. C. E. Davis, of Lynn. All Sunday-schools in the eastern part of the Conference are invited to attend this convention.

GEO. H. CLARKE, For the Com.

China Dinner Sets

FOR

Thanksgiving.

We have recently landed by steamers "Ludwig" from Hamburg, the "Norseking" from Antwerp, the "Sylvania" from Liverpool and the "Strathnevis" from Hong Kong new shapes and decorations, as well as the old standard patterns, including the Dresden "Blue Onion" China, the Old Blue Canton China, Wedgwood Blue Landscape, etc., in sets or parts of sets, as required. We have also the best American decorated sets.

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Our Book Table.

History, Prophecy, and the Monuments; or, Israel and the Nations. By James Frederick McCurdy, Ph. D., LL. D. Volume II. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $3.

Dr. McCurdy, professor of Oriental languages in University College, Toronto, is one of the ripest Biblical scholars on the American continent. His knowledge of whatever relates to the ancient East is both extensive and accurate. Of the history and antiquities of the Hebrew people in their relations to the older civilizations of the East, as revealed in literature and the explorations, he has made a specialty, and has become thoroughly competent to produce a reliable work on the subject above indicated. The work is characterized by careful research and commanding ability in the execution. The sources of information, both old and new, are at his command, and have been wrought into a narrative at once accurate and readable. The volume here under notice is a second instalment of his great work on Jewish history. The first volume, in six books, brings the record down to Ahaz, 742 B. C., and the present volume continues it to the fall of Nineveh, 606 B. C., taking the reader over the most interesting period of Jewish history. The seventh book is a sort of introduction to the eighth, detailing the governmental, social and moral progress of the Hebrew people. The treatment of Hebrew literature, which really belongs here, is reserved for a later part of the narrative. After a brief retrospect, the author goes on in this seventh chapter to give the elements and character of Hebrew society, the nomadic phase of Hebrew life, the settlement in Canaan, the monarchy, and the society, morals and religion of the nation. The eighth book resumes the record of the general movement over a hundred and fifty years or so — years full of interest for the Hebrew people. It is the age of the prophets and of the influential contact of the nations with the Hebrew people. The captivity came and the return, followed by the fall of the eastern nations, Babylon and Nineveh. The story of this remarkable period is admirably told, and moves on like a majestic river, filling its banks and receiving in its course the greater and lesser affluents. Dr. McCurdy's pages cannot fail to shed new light on the Bible record.

Chosen of God. By Rev. Herbert W. Luthe. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.75.

The design of this book is to improve the quality of Christian experience, to retouch the interior life, and to lead the child of God into the richer experiences revealed in the Word of God. Too few Christians make adequate advance after conversion; there is much land they never come to possess. Perhaps they do not see their privilege. May be they regard the religious life as a human undertaking, and are waiting for grace to save themselves. In these pages the life in Christ is presented as the work of God in the soul, and the believer is encouraged to commit himself to God as Saviour and Keeper. It is a practical and experimental book. The author endeavors to renovate the interior life and to lead the soul on in growth and sanctification. Though he never uses the Wesleyan terms, his aim is Wesleyan, while the means to it are Calvinistic. The reading of the volume will conduce to a sound and thorough Christian experience.

A History of the United States for Schools. By William A. Mowry, A. M., Ph. D., and Arthur M. Mowry, A. M. With Maps, Illustrations, Analyses and Bibliographies. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. Price, $1.04.

In its purpose, plan and execution this school history combines exceptional excellences. Some of its features are unique and suggestive. The main facts of the great story of discovery and colonization, of the Revolution and founding of the nation, of the growth of industries, the struggle against slavery, and the advance under freedom and peace, are clearly and consecutively told. The colored maps, showing the gradual extension of territory and the relation of the States to each other, form an attractive feature of the book, while the abundant and excellent illustrations bring to the eye distinguished persons, notable buildings, the incidents of industry, and the battles of our several wars. The side notes, in smaller type, are a sort of convenient pocket, into which are cast minor incidents and biographical data. The book furnishes not only a picture of the period, but the philosophy of our history. The blackboard schemes are so arranged as to show the relation of events to each other and the general movement of our civilization. The type is open, the paragraphs distinct, and the artistic work attractive. Superintendents of schools and teachers will find it to their advantage to examine this new history.

My Village. By H. Boyd Smith. With Illustrations by the Author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $3.

"My Village" is a bit of art work. The author belongs in Boston, and has spent several winters in Paris and summers in the quaint and picturesque seacoast village of Valombre, where he has been able to study the peasant life of France. The village is fortunate in having one capable of interpreting the tragedy and comedy of its life with both the pen and pencil. The pen-pictures of the book are life-like, and the illustrations form an additional and important attraction. The originals of the fifty monotint plates were made in a curious way. The porcelain plate was smeared with a thin layer of black paint. Before the paint could dry, the drawing had to be made and the impression taken off upon paper by pressure with the palm of the hand. The reproductions in this book were made from a selection of the best of these prints, secured in a long series of experiments.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.50.

"Sentimental Tommy," by the author of "A Window in Thrums," has all the elements of an attractive story, covering only the boyhood of the hero, and told with freshness and vivacity. It has the quality of being eminently readable, while at the same time interpreting, with truth to nature, important phases of human life. The plot and general construction of the story are marked by originality. While passing through the magazine stage, the chapters attracted the attention of many readers who will be ready to welcome the story in book form. "Tommy" has become an abiding character in fiction. Critics pronounce it one of the most entertaining books of the hour.

Select Notes. A Commentary on the Sunday-school Lessons for 1897. By F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co. Price, $1.25.

The International Sunday-school Lessons made way for a new type of commentary, each volume containing the lessons for a year. Each denomination issues its book of notes, many of them very valuable. Peloubet's "Select Notes," which have been annually issued, have kept well up to the standard, and have been highly appreciated by the Sunday-school public. This volume is prepared with great care and illustrated by incident, anecdote and picture.

Impressions and Experiences. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, $1.50.

This volume contains eight sketches, largely autobiographic — a species of composition in which the author excels. He gives us the particular scene as related to himself. "The Country Printer," "The Police Report," "Talk of Dreams," and "Glimpses of Central Park," are sample titles. In some of these sketches we have Mr. Howells at his best.

The Young Artists. From the German of Ernestine Holm. By Mary E. Ireland. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Price, $1.

The substance and charm of the German original is rendered by the translator into delightful English. It is a story of artist life, taking the reader from Germany to Italy. Rudolph and his sisters make an attractive family group, and their movement and sojourn among the masters of art in the sunny south minister to the pleasure of the reader in each chapter.

Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.50.

This beautiful bit of poetry by Aldrich was issued by Ticknor & Fields in 1865, and is now re-issued in antique binding for the holidays, with illuminated title and text. The headline is in black, and each line of the text is underscored with red. The cloth binding has a paper cover in antique, with tape ties, making a very choice Christmas gift.

The Gray Man. A Novel. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, $1.50.

The endless feuds among the Scottish clans have proved the resource of many a delightful story-teller. Sir Walter Scott found there some of his most available material, and a new generation, in which we find Black, Ian Maclaren, and the author of "The Gray Man," has struck a new vein in the old mine. The present story is made up of adventures during the feud between branches of the clan Kennedy in Scotland during the reign of James VI., who became James I. of England. Though a historical novel, the element of romance holds large place. The story is told in a strong style, and colored with a vivid imagination. Mr. Crockett is really a master in his art.

Katharine's Experiment. By Felicia Buttz Clark. New York: Eaton & Mains.

Katherine Warren won a $500 prize for a literary production, and could afford to go abroad for travel and study. This book contains an account of her voyage and sojourn in Germany. It is remarkably well written. The incidents and doings abroad are given with spirit and vividness, and the whole story evidently has a firm basis in reality. It is a fresh and readable volume.

Short Stories for Short People. By Alicia Aspinwall. With Illustrations by Marie L. Danforth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, $1.50.

As a writer of short stories for children, the German Grimm easily holds the lead, and Hans Andersen follows close in the rear. Their household tales find the child where he lives and minister to his tastes and needs. Many have tried to imitate them, but Col. Higginson, who furnishes an introductory note to this volume, thinks no one has succeeded so well as Mrs. Aspinwall in providing what the child wants. The author draws from the deep wells of the imagination. Her creations are beautiful and have an educative value for the use of the small people.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York (1816-1860). By Charles H. Haswell. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, $3.

Every miner and civil engineer is familiar with "Haswell," that is, the manual on civil engineering composed by the above author. In this volume he traces the changes which came in the great city between the years 1816 and 1860. They were very numerous and important. The stores, churches and theatres have been either removed or rebuilt. Old John St. remains, but has been rebuilt, as has also Trinity. Those familiar with New York will find in it many an item of curious interest. The index is quite extended and will enable one to find almost anything contained in the volume. The book covers the period of greatest change in the city. It marks the coming of the railroad, the steamship and steamboat, the telegraph, the factory and the machine in various forms.

Little Men and Maids. By Elizabeth S. Tucker. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A book of beauty for children, rich in its stories and illustrations. Numerous full page copperplates, after paintings in water colors by Frances Brundage, are given, as also decorative borders and other designs, together with new stories and verses by Elizabeth S. Tucker.

Black Diamonds. By Maurus Jokai. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, $1.50.

The author is a Hungarian, and the scene of the story is laid in the mining section of that country. The starting point is a coal pit, in which the heroine is found in search of black diamonds in the shape of anthracite coal. It is a story of love under ground, in a coal pit. The very strangeness and weirdness of the situation add to the impressiveness of the story. The author travels upon the very verge of probability and sometimes steps across the line. The translation, by Frances A. Gerard, is admirably done.

Magazines.

— *Harper's* for November contains a fine list of articles, nearly all of them illustrated. Poultney Bigelow leads in an informing and brilliant article on "Jameson's Raid" in South Africa. Prof. Woodrow Wilson furnishes a fine paper on George Washington, "The First President of the United States." "Literary Landmarks of Florence" is another of Laurence Hutton's Italian city sketches. Prof. Francis N. Thorpe defines "The Dominant Idea of American Democracy" in illustration of the financial struggle of today. "The Cuckoos and the Outwitted Cow-bird" is a bit of art work executed with pen and pencil by the late William Hamilton Gibson. Du Maurier's "The Martian" is continued, and short stories are furnished by Thomas A. Janvier, John Kendrick Bangs, E. A. Alexander, Octave Thanet, and Miss Victoria Clement, a writer new to the magazines. (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

— The *Century* for the current month opens with an article illustrating the scenes of "Election Day in New York." Gen. Horace Porter's paper on "Campaigning with Grant" contains a series of graphic and accurate sketches of scenes and actions in the army. Duncan Rose furnishes a thoughtful article, "Why the Confederacy Failed." "The Olympic Games" of the past summer are described by Pierre de Conbertin. S. Weir Mitchell begins the story of "Hugh Wynne;" and George F. Parker gives Birmingham as "An Object Lesson in Municipal Government." (New York: Century Company.)

— With the November number *St. Nicholas* begins a new volume. John Bennett presents three chapters of "Master Skylark." Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., tells "How Plants Spread." George Kennan shows "How the Bad News Came to Siberia." "A Wonder-Worker," "The Labors of Hercules," "The King's Castle in No Man's Land," and "The True Story of Marco Polo," follow. The magazine has fullness and freshness; it deals with great as well as small subjects. For young folks the market with its many literary wares has nothing superior to *St. Nicholas*. (Century Company: New York.)

— The *Arena* for November contains a dozen or more articles of current value. Prof. Parsons leads in a thoughtful and suggestive paper on "The Issue of 1896." Howard Leech has "The Simplicity of the Single Tax." Judge Walter Clark shows that "Free Coinage" is "Indispensable." W. H. Standish tells of "The Impending Crisis" in the financial world. The editor treats of the "Four Epochs" in our national history — the tyranny of foreign power; tyranny of the money power in the old national bank; tyranny of the slave power; and tyranny of the plutocracy in own day. The number is not only full, but fresh and readable. (Arena Publishing Company: Copley Square, Boston.)

— The *Twentieth Century* for November opens with the "Monthly Round Up" illustrated by portraits of Gladstone, John Watson and Chauncey M. Depew. Rev. Theodore Crowl has a sermon on the text, "Lift up thine eyes;" C. B. Carlisle gives "Some Factors in Sermon Building;" A. W. Armstrong furnishes a character sketch of "James Anthony Froude;" Mrs. Plantz deals with "Kitchen Reform" and Max Pemberton gives "The Puritan's Wife." (F. W. Clement & Company, Chicago.)

— The November *Biblical World* opens with Principal Davies' sketch of "Islam," and is followed by Prof. Bruce's sketch of Prof. F. D. S. Salmond; Prof. Curtis' "Critical Theory of the Servant in Isaiah;" the editor's "Outline Topics in the History of Old Testament Prophecy;" "Aids to Bible Reading," by G. A. Goodspeed, and "Paraphrase of the Epistle to the Romans," by Prof. Geo. B. Stevens. (University of Chicago.)

— The *American Antiquarian* for September-October opens with "The Battle and Ruins of Cintla" in Tabasco, by Dr. D. G. Brinton. The first battle in which horses were used in the wars of the Continent was fought in March, 1519. The site of the city was long unknown, even to the natives, but the ruins have been recently discovered by the author of the article. Then follow "The Story of the American Indians of Nicaragua" by J. Crawford; "The Aboriginal Remains of Balsam Lake," by G. F. Laidlow; "Sunrise at Stonehenge;" "Study of the High Cliff Dwellings and Cave Towns," by Dr. S. D. Peet and a "Choctaw Cemetery in Alabama," by H. S. Halbert. (175 Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.)

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Obituaries.

Herrick. — Rev. Austin F. Herrick was born in Otis, Mass., June 17, 1824, and died at the home of his daughter in Newton, Mass., Sept. 2, 1896.

When a boy he moved with his parents to Hartford, Conn., where he spent the years of his youth and young manhood. At thirteen he gave his heart to God and united with the church. As a boy he was pure, brave and manly, so that his was a pure stream from its source to the sea, from the cradle to the grave.

His early educational advantages were limited, but he improved his time while working with his father on the farm and fitted himself to teach in the district school. He was twenty-four when he heard the call of God to enter the ministry, and he resolved to secure the best possible preparation for his life-work. He started for Wilbraham, and on his way called to see Rev. Nelson Cobleigh, at Thorndike, who proposed that Mr. Herrick remain with him and fit for college. This he did, and while he missed the broader fellowship of the school, he enjoyed the friendship of this matchless personality. In 1849 he entered Wesleyan University, but after some months of study, perplexed and worried over his lack of means, he left, and entered the Concord Biblical Institute and graduated with honor in the class of '52.

For a year he supplied the church in Goffstown, N. H., and in the spring of 1853 joined the New England Conference, in which he sustained an effective relation for thirty-three years. He served the following charges: Buckland, Ashburnham (twice), Salem, Medford, Ipswich, Lynn (Boston St.), Holliston, Chelsea (Mt. Bellingham), Gloucester (Elm St.), Athol, Spencer, Worcester (Coral St.), Newton Upper Falls, and Marlboro. "He gave these churches the fruit of his school life, the deepest and most sacred reflections of a consecrated ministry."

He was a man of one work. "This one thing I do," was the motto of his life. In the pulpit he was the prophet of the Lord with a message, and he delivered it with all the earnestness, pathos and power of his nature. Under his ministry very many opened their hearts to Christ, and consecrated their talents to the work of helping others to the Saviour. He was a pastor of rare tact and power. He knew his people with all their cares and sorrows, and they soon discovered that they had among them a large-hearted brother, who was anxious to help them bear their burdens and to share their joys and sorrows. He had the loving heart of John and the sympathizing spirit of Barnabas.

In 1852 he was united in marriage with Miss Marian Pierce, of Orange. They walked together like Zacharias and Elisabeth, in all the commandments of the Lord. The spirit of the earthly sanctuary and of the heavenly temple seemed to blend in their household. Seven children came to bless their home. Each child was dedicated to God, and, to the joy of the parents, the children gave themselves to Christ and His church. One bright, beautiful boy left them for the better land. Three sons and three daughters live to comfort their widowed mother. Austin H. and Ernest P. are honored members of the New England Conference. Of his two sisters, to whom he was deeply attached, one resides in California, and the other is the wife of Rev. W. Silverthorne of the New England Conference.

The funeral services were held in Immanu-El Church, Waltham — his church home — Presiding Elder Eaton in charge. He was assisted by Bishop Mallalieu, Revs. Dr. G. M. Steele, G. S. Butters and E. Hodge. Over forty ministers were present. He was laid to rest in Spencer, by the side of his little boy and among a good many of his former parishioners.

Mr. Herrick loved the Lord and he was glad of it. It was not necessary to put the word Christian on his hat to tell the world that he was a disciple of the Lord. It was his custom to walk frequently with the King in His garden, and he carried on his garments the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. He walked with the Lord, as did Enoch, and his heart thrilled with joy. The bells of his life were not muffled, the musicians of his soul were not dressed in mourning, the temple of his nature was not draped with crape. It was with joy that he drew water out of the wells of salvation.

He was a modest man. He did not put his attainments, mental or spiritual, in the show window of his life. Great rivers flow with less noise than small streams, yet the river is much smaller than the sea to which it is going. So of our brother — he saw so much in Christ to admire and love that his own attainments seemed very small in comparison. He was not a mere child learning the alphabet of Christian experience, for he knew a good deal about the breadth and length and depth and height of the love of Christ; but it was the Master he was anxious men should see, and not the servant.

He was an enthusiastic lover of the church, and he loved all who love our Christ. Brethren of other creeds found in him a true friend and fellow-helper. When his two sons became ministers, it was an added joy that they were members of his own church and of the same Conference. Yet he was not a narrow Methodist, simply interested in the work of his own local church; he kept his eye on all the great movements of the church, whether at home or abroad, and gave generously of his means. There was not a selfish thread in the fabric of his being. He had a peculiar love for his brethren in the ministry. He was a discoverer, and found much in his brethren to admire and love. If a brother had success, he rejoiced with him in his prosperity; if one had trouble, his own great heart felt the sorrow.

He loved the work of the ministry; he saw so much to do and was so eager to do it. He had gone to Conference year after year to receive his appointment, and it was with no little sorrow that in 1887, through ill-health, he was compelled to give up the work of the pastorate. But in a little time he was able to say, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" He took his seat in the pew; but he was the Lord's servant here as he had been in the pulpit, and the pastor's friend and helper. During these years he resided in Ashburnham, Wilbraham and Waltham, and his presence in these churches was an inspiration and a benediction. He was so glad that he was able to preach occasionally, and for eight summers he was chaplain at Sterling camp-meeting. It was therefore fitting, when he stood on the threshold of the celestial city, that he should receive a loving message from his old friends and fellow-workers at the camp-meeting love-feast.

His Christian experience was as deep as his nature and as clear as crystal. While on a brief visit to his daughter the revelation came to him that the time of his departure was near at hand. It found him all ready. His face shone with heavenly light ere he passed into the light of heaven. When in the fiery furnace he exclaimed, "I have taken death by the hand and we are walking together; but I am conqueror!" His was a beautiful life — a life hid with Christ. His death was triumphant, for he was more than conqueror through Him who loved him.

Thus one of the purest, sweetest, and most lovable of God's saints passed from the fellowship of loving friends on earth into the larger fellowship of the glorified in heaven. Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast entered into the joy of thy Lord!

ELIAS HODGE.

Johnson. — Emory Johnson, of Moodus, Conn., died, Oct. 30, 1896, aged 79 years.

By thrift, enterprise, intellectuality, business ability and an unblemished record of manly integrity and Christian character, Mr. Johnson accumulated considerable property and used it as a wise and obedient steward of the Lord. In business circles he was widely known as the owner of the Neptune Twine Mills in what came to be known as Johnsonville. In Methodist circles he was known as a conspicuous, faithful, and liberal supporter, not only of his local church, but of our common Methodism. In younger life he often attended our Annual Conferences and made journeys to New York and elsewhere to meet and hear distinguished Methodists. Portraits of famous Methodist preachers hung on the walls of his well-furnished house, and his pastors were often entertained by his intelligent and animated descriptions of noted Methodists. He was a devoted reader of the best Methodist books and papers, especially ZION'S HERALD, and took great interest in all our educational and missionary institutions. For many years he was trustee of East Greenwich Academy. A prominent and faithful servant of God and the church has gone to his rich reward.

WILBUR C. NEWELL.

Keene. — Harry T. Keene, son on N. A. and S. E Keene, of Charlestown, Mass., died, Oct. 2, 1896, aged 13 years and 13 days — a little sainted hero, sent as a benediction, needed by the world, but desired by heaven.

It is truly said of him that he was a noble, aspiring, dutiful, affectionate young Christian and patriot. Within the last year of his life he suffered the loss of an arm, sight, hearing, and use of limbs, and very severe pain, till God in infinite compassion listened to his prayer for strength to bear the pain and took him from our midst to that mansion prepared for such as he.

He was loved by many, old and young, rich and poor. He was a member of the Temperance Loyal Legion, Juvenile Templars, Auxiliary Christian Endeavor, Union Baptist Boys' Brigade, and two Sabbath-schools. By all of them he is greatly missed.

Almost his last words were, "My only desire to live is to help papa and mamma, and the good I can do in the world." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

* *

Parker. — Munroe W. Parker died of Bright's disease, June 24, 1896, at the residence of his son, Edgar B. Parker, in South Boston, Mass. He was born in Jay, Me., July 21, 1830, and was the eldest son of Joel and Lucinda Parker, both deceased.

He gave his heart to the Lord in early manhood, and ever after lived a practical, consistent Christian life. He left the home of his youth before he was twenty-one years of age, and came to South Boston, where he has since lived. He connected himself with the old D. S. Centenary M. E. Church, and went with its members when they built what is now St. John's Church. He was a faithful worker, and was one of the prime movers and greatly interested leaders in the founding of what is now the Dorchester St. M. E. Church. He most willingly and heartily gave the best years of his life to the upbuilding of the cause of God in that society, serving for several years as superintendent of the Sunday-school, class-leader, and treasurer. His health failing him, he had to resign all, much to the regret of his friends there. From that time on he was only able to attend the home church, St. John's, at rare intervals, the last occasions being at the roll-call and banquet in jubilee week.

His wife entered into rest two years and one month before him. A brother, Geo. N. Parker, two daughters, a son, and three granddaughters are left.

His last weeks of life were full of pain and suffering as his disease slowly gained in intensity; but he was seldom heard to complain or murmur, and his trust in God grew stronger and deeper. The end was peaceful.

The funeral was held at the residence of his son, June 26, and was attended by his pastor, Rev. W. T. Perrin, and by representatives from Bethesda Lodge, I. O. O. F., of which he had been a greatly interested member for nearly thirty years.

He was beloved by all who knew him, and by all will be sadly missed. His memory is precious to us, and his words of loving counsel, advice and admonition will be faithfully cherished. F. A. E.

Porter. — Willard Porter was born in Vershire, Vt., Aug. 14, 1830, and died in Fairlee, Vt., Aug. b, 1896.

He was converted in 1844, under the labors of Rev. Harvey Webster, at Corinth, Vt. On Feb. 18, 1855, he was united in marriage with Miss Abbie Ormsby, Rev. Elisha Folsom officiating. The following year they removed to Fairlee, where the remainder of his life was spent. Both united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bradford and together continued in its communion until he was summoned to join the numerous company who have passed over the river. The sorrow of his wife is shared by two sons, Henry W. and Edward E. Porter, by two brothers, and other friends.

Mr. Porter experienced considerable sickness and physical suffering, and knew what it was to have trials of other kinds; but he endured all with a good degree of patience and fortitude, seemed to cultivate a spirit of cheerfulness, and always had a pleasant greeting for those whom he met. His brethren in the church testify to their faith in his endeavor to lead an acceptable, consistent Christian life. May great grace be upon those who mourn their loss! * * *

Brown. — Elizabeth Brown was born in Belmont, Me., June 14, 1818, and died in Searsmont, Me., Oct. 16, 1896.

She was married to Daniel Brown of Searsmont, in April, 1847. Their four children are: Mrs. N. D. Coombs, of Marysville, Cal.; Chas. Q. Brown, of Searsmont; Mrs. Theo. Turner, of Modesto, Cal.; and Mrs. Thomas H. Stacy, of Saco, Me.

Mrs. Brown was converted at the age of nineteen, and joined the M. E. Church at Dorchester, Mass., from which she brought her letter and united with the M. E. Church at Searsmont. She was a stanch Methodist and Christian, and loyal to all her church interests. For many years she was a subscriber to ZION'S HERALD, which was a great comfort to her in later years when she could not always get to the church services. She was an intelligent listener and a kindly critic, and her pastor was never afraid of her. Her steady faith and hopeful words were ever a comfort to us in our pastoral calls. She believed in the presiding elder and all the benevolences, and responded to each call as she was able.

The Master's coming found her ready, and the end was "great peace." Those who saw her departure may no longer fear to die. Her husband praiseth her and her children arise up to call her blessed. I was privileged to be her pastor five years. M. F. BRIDGHAM.

Lane. — Benjamin P. Lane, one of the oldest and most influential members of the Tremont St. M. E. Church, Boston, Mass., passed suddenly and gloriously to his heavenly reward, Sunday morning, Oct. 18, 1896. He was born in Boston, Aug. 4, 1831, and resided in the city all his life.

Immediately following his school days he served for a year or two in ZION'S HERALD office as book-keeper, and then joined his brother Charles as an employee of the Atlas Bank, entering as a messenger boy in April, 1851, and remaining in the service of this bank over forty-five years. He rose steadily from position to position until at the death of his brother he became cashier of the bank, July 10, 1891, which position he held till his death. In business circles he was recognized as a man of impregnable integrity, of most excellent business judgment, painstakingly accurate, remarkably systematic, and worthy of the highest confidence. Resolutions by the bank directors sent to the family contain warmest expressions of his associates with reference to the purity and integrity of his life.

In church relations he was a tower of strength to the pastor, and always present when circumstances permitted. He held the office of trustee, and was for years treasurer of the church. In 1865 he shared with Edwin Ray the superintendency of the Sunday-school. In all these offices he was recognized as a man of sound judgment and wise counsel. His heart was in the house of God, and though not often heard in public testimony, he was yet of great influence in the recognition of his sterling religious character and exalted ideas of the Christian life. He was a man of God and commended himself to all as an honored servant of Jesus Christ.

His home life was ideal. In it the full measure of his personality was realized. His wedded life was all that could be desired, and the affection of his children delighted his heart. Gentle, genial, at times jocular, always Christian, he made his home the most attractive place in the world, and his children rise up and call him blessed. All were at home on the Saturday evening preceding his translation, and the memory of that delightful hour abides in their hearts as a God-given benediction.

His family, consisting of Mrs. Lane and four children, two of whom have happy homes of their own, thank God for his life and example, and press forward in his footsteps, expecting in due time to see him again and renew forever the hallowed associations of earth and share together the glories of the immortal life. "He was not, for God took him."

JOHN D. PICKLES.

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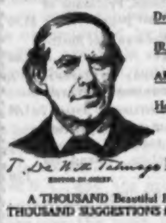

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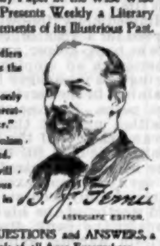

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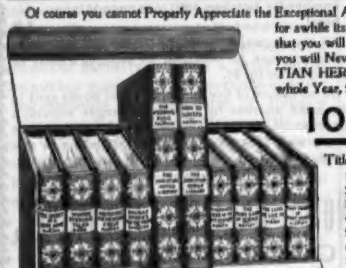

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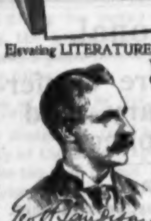

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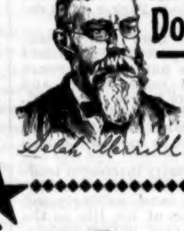

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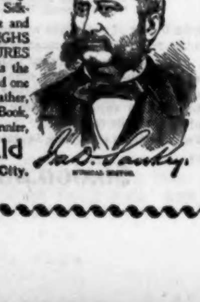

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